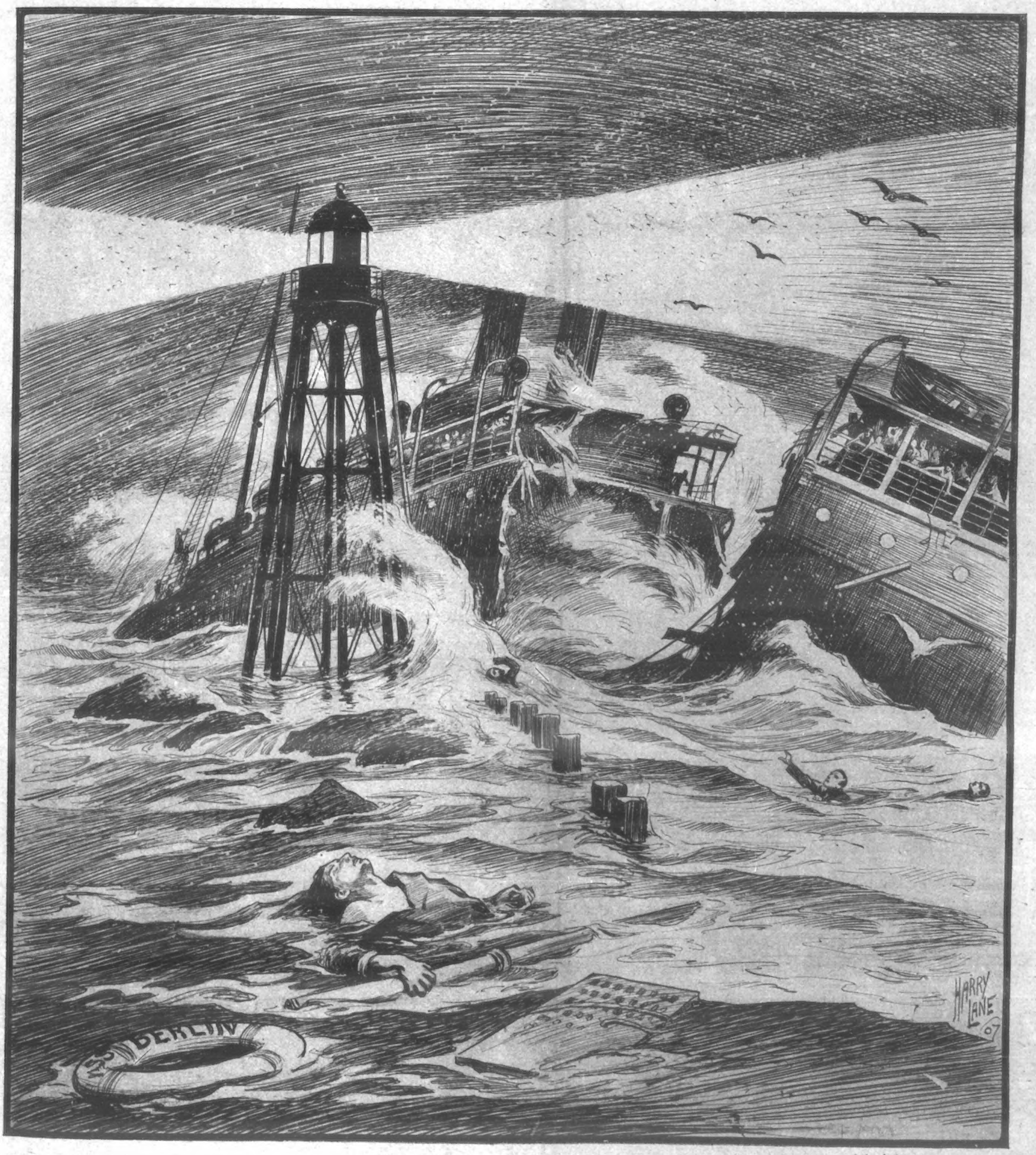
No. 2388.—Vol. 93. THE · PENNY ILLUSTRATED · PAPER AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES March 2, 1907.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors at 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THE WRECK OF THE "BERLIN."



WHAT IS DEAFNESS?

A Leading Specialist tells of the Discovery of the Cause and Cure of Deafness.

It would perhaps be difficult for the average man to describe deafness, and even the sufferer from this most dreaded of all diseases could little more than describe the distressing and painful results from his inability to hear well.

For years medical men have worked in this one direction—the discovery of what deafness actually is—and it has remained for a British specialist not only to actually determine what deafness is, but what is more important, to at last proclaim a cure of this ailment.

Professor Keith-Harvey, whose name is now so much to the fore, and who is probably the most sought-after man of the day, has, after years of earnest research, published a book which, to the deaf, is of especial interest, for in its pages is described the history of the discovery of the cause of deafness and a method by means of which sufferers in their own homes may have their hearing completely restored.

Deafness is the inability to hear sounds, caused by inflammation of certain inner portions of the ear, and is not, as is generally supposed, the result of the bursting of the drum of the ear. Deafness may result from slight cold in the head, and if neglected, will result in total inability to hear.

THE INSIDIOUS DISEASE.

Deafness is the most insidious of all diseases, growing in severity day by day. It is a disease that affects the mind as well as the body, and to the sufferer seems, in certain forms, a kind of madness.

Professor Keith-Harvey, in whose book a great amount of valuable information on the subject of deafness has been stored, tells of the system of treating diseases of the ear, deafness, noises in the head, discharges, &c., which he has made so famous.

Professor Keith-Harvey's system of treating deafness and ear troubles is quite simple, and may be carried out by the sufferer in his or her own home without even the trial of visiting the doctor.

The success of the Professor's system is proved in the thousands of testimonials he has received from grateful patients. In many cases these letters have been sent from people who have never even visited his consulting-room, and the marvellous cures described convey to every sufferer a distinct message of hope.

Professor Keith-Harvey, realising that to many thousands of the readers of this paper his book on "Deafness" would prove of interest and value, has made arrangements whereby every sufferer may obtain a copy absolutely free of charge.

A letter sent to Professor G. Keith-Harvey (Room 882), 117, Holborn, London, E.C., will bring a copy of the book, and if particulars of the ailment are given, a special letter of advice which will prove of immediate benefit in the relief of pain and suffering.

PARTICULARLY INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS.

Murder at Walworth.

On Saturday night Walworth was the scene of the brutal murder of a woman named Mary Ann Alpe, living at 85, South Street. She was found dying in the street, with a wound at the junction of the neck and chest, on the right side, and penetrating several inches.

Apparently the only witness of the tragedy was a child, who gives the story to the police, and who was close enough, if she had been able, to have seized the assassin.

Her story is a graphic one.

"I was at the corner of Thornton Street," she told a representative, "and saw a woman standing at the corner of the road opposite, outside the shop.

"A man came up to her. He said something to the woman rather loudly, and then, as I thought, hit her as if he was driving a nail down.

"She fell down—as if she was sitting—and the man ran away up Thornton Street, past me, with a knife in his hand.

"Then somebody came up and looked at the woman, and I heard she was dead.

"I think they fetched Mr. Alpe, and then I saw them take the woman away to the workhouse.

"The man I saw was not very big—rather short, and seemed to keep his head down. I am quite sure he had a knife. I saw it bright in his hand, about as long as a small table-knife."

Tramcars in Collision.

A collision between an electric and a horsed tram early on Saturday morning caused injury to four passengers and the driver of the horsed car. The two cars collided at the junction of Gray's Inn Road and Theobald's Road.

The electric car, running eastward, ran into the side of the horsed car, injuring William Crespin and Harry Allen, two inside passengers, and the driver, William Tomalin. They were taken to the Royal Free Hospital, suffering from shock and injuries to their heads, legs, and arms.

Jane Bates and Jessie Smith, two passengers on the electric car, were seen by a local doctor, and pronounced to be suffering from shock.

The horsed car, which was pushed completely off and across the track over on to its side, was fortunately carrying but few passengers. The electric car escaped with a damaged front stairway.

Traffic was delayed for nearly two hours.

A Liner Ashore.

During last Thursday's gale the Austrian-Lloyd steamer *Imperatrix* went ashore at Cape Elaphonisi, on the Cretan coast. There were about two hundred passengers on board the vessel, and the news of the accident was transmitted by some of them who managed to get ashore. The rest remained on board.

The vessel's position was very serious, and she required assistance.

The French guard-ship *Faucon* and the Italian guard-ship left Suda to render help, and the Austrian-Lloyd agent telegraphed that a steamer of his company was expected from Candia.

Heavy loss of life is reported.

Copper-Bound Convict.

Two policemen observed an abnormally stout man being helped along by two friends in the Rue Letort, Paris, on Sunday, and as he seemed to be in great pain the officers advised his being taken to hospital.

At the policemen's first words the man's companions took to their heels, while he collapsed on the pavement. The police helped him up and found that he had sixty feet of copper cable wound under his vest. He proved to be an escaped convict named Lalunc, and had stolen the cable.

Luxurious Train Wrecked.

Another terrible railway wreck, the second within a week, occurred early on Saturday morning. The "Pennsylvania Flyer," which is one of the two trains that make the run of more than nine hundred miles between Chicago and New York in eighteen hours, was derailed near Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and rolled down a sixty-foot embankment into the Conemaugh River. These trains are the most luxurious in the world.

The wreck is said to be another sacrifice to the mania for speed, and although the railway authorities state that no one has been killed, they admit that everyone of the seventy-three passengers in the three cars which left the metals is injured. Some of the injuries may result fatally.

The train was composed of four Pullman sleeping-cars. It is stated that the brake couplings parted when the train was running at sixty miles an hour on a high embankment. The engine and the first car remained on the track, but the three last cars left the metals, and after ploughing along for more than 900 feet, tearing up the track and the telegraph and telephone wires, they turned on their sides and rolled down the embankment.

Fortunately, says the *Express*, the river is shallow at this point, and the water, while serving the purpose of preventing fire, was not deep enough to drown the imprisoned passengers. Those who were less seriously injured crawled through the windows of the wrecked cars and helped to rescue those who were unable to help themselves.

Several prominent persons were among the injured. Some of them were Mr. Dawes, a member of Congress from Ohio; Mr. Busse, postmaster at Chicago; Mr. Samuel Nixon, a member of the Theatrical Trust; Mr. Felix Isman, a real estate speculator of Philadelphia; Mr. Theodore Douglas, president of the Douglas Copper Company, of New York; and Mr. Emil Paur, leader of the Pittsburg Orchestra.

The wrecked train left Altoona, Pennsylvania, forty-five minutes late, and it is said that the engine-driver was running at a much greater speed than usual in an effort to make up the lost time.

Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

MRS. HARRY K. THAW,

Whose terrible cross-examination by Mr. Jerome is one of the sensations of the week.

Doctor's £4000 Fee.

The Paris courts have decided that Dr. Doyen, the cancer specialist, is to retain the fee of £4000 charged to the American millionaire, Mr. George Crocker, for the treatment of Mrs. Crocker.

Mr. Crocker claimed the return of the fee on the ground that Dr. Doyen failed to secure the recovery he had promised, and that his remedy was a secret one, and therefore disallowed by the rules of the medical profession.

Versatile Clock.

A clock is being erected at San Diego, California, which will tell the time of all nations at once on separate dials. It will chime "Blue Bells of Scotland," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "The Last Rose of Summer," at alternate hours. The tune for the curfew at 8.30 each evening will be "Home, Sweet Home."

Panic on a Bridge.

The funnel of an eight-thousand-ton Italian emigrant-steamer crashed into the suspension bridge connecting Sunderland and Monkwearmouth on Saturday, and imperilled the lives of six hundred persons who were watching the vessel's progress down the river.

The steamer passed safely under the Great Eastern cantilever bridge, 110 feet above high-water level, but the tugs were unable to effect a check as the vessel approached the passenger bridge, which is ten feet lower, and the funnel struck the structure.

The bridge swayed momentarily, and panic seized the crowd. There was a wild stampede to each end of the bridge. Then came a rattle, like a salvo of artillery, as the rivets fixing the funnel to the deck of the steamer gave way. The funnel heeled over and fell on the deck as the steamer passed with the flood tide under the bridge

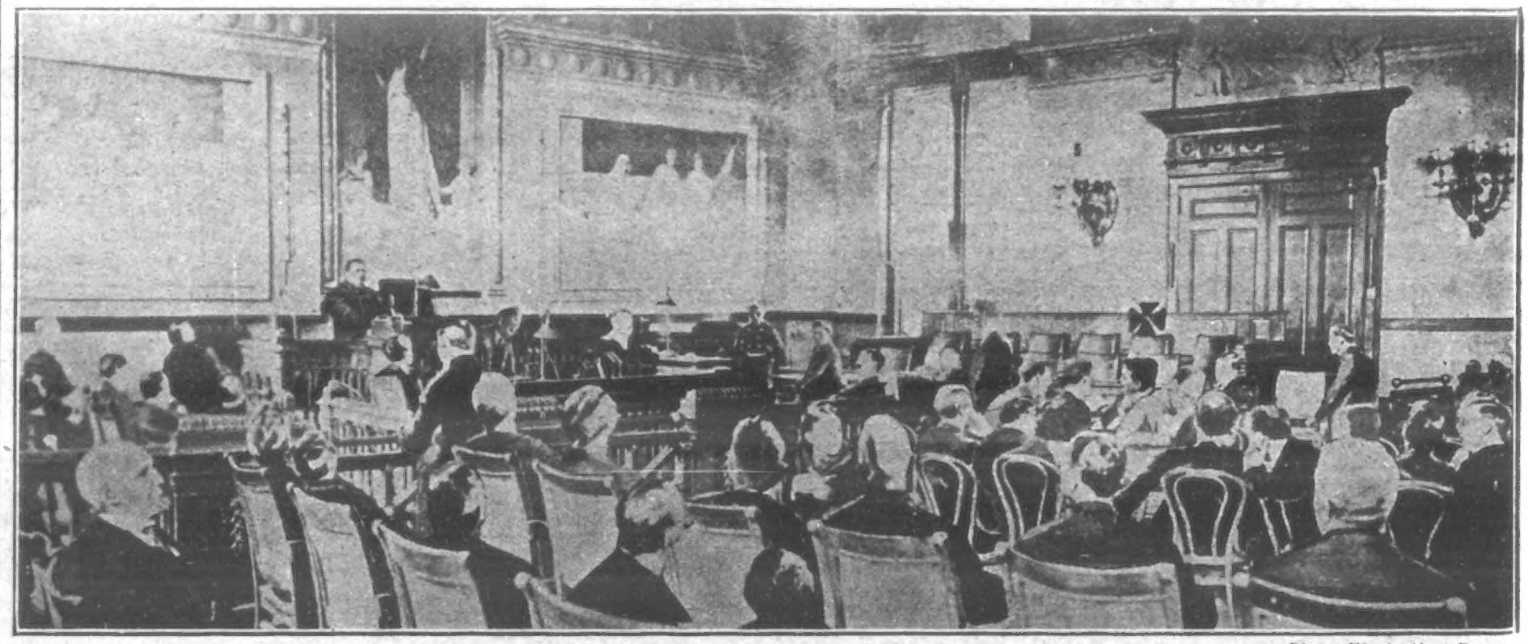


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE.

An actual photograph taken in the court, depicting Judge Fitzgerald, Mr. Jerome, and other notable figures in the sensational case. Harry K. Thaw, the accused, is marked by the black Maltese cross.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

You will find it the very Cocoa you want.

THE WRECK OF THE "BERLIN."

Photo. Barnett.

MR. A. HERBERT,

The King's Messenger who was Drowned.

The Wreck.

In sight of land, with the lights of the Hook showing through the gloom of approaching dawn, the Great Eastern Railway's steamer *Berlin*, with more than a hundred souls aboard, struck the rocks of the north pier just where the warning light shines. Only a few seconds of awful suspense, of mountainous seas sweeping the deck, and the doomed vessel parted amidships, the foredeck to be sucked down by the sea, taking with it men and women who only a short time back had been collecting their belongings so as to be in readiness to land. The afterdeck remained above the water, though swept by the waves, and it seemed that those on the deck, clinging to the bulwarks or the rigging, and those still below in one of the saloons, must soon share the fate of the men and women who had already met their sudden and appalling end.

No Panic.

With all the horror of the coming of death, there seems to have been no panic amongst passengers or crew, a proof of this being that more than fifty of the bodies washed ashore had lifebelts round them. It was these lifebelts that helped to bring them ashore so soon, but only after the waves had dashed out breath and life. In fact, only one man who was actually thrown into the sea survived. This was Captain Parkinson, who, with a lifebelt beneath his coat and a piece of wreckage under each arm, was picked up in an exhausted condition.

No Hope Entertained.

As soon as the disaster was sighted from the shore, every effort was made to reach the wreck; but when the boats were driven back time after time by the fury of the storm, it was feared that all hope of saving more lives—cries from the wreck proved that there were human beings still alive—was over. Despite this, despite failure after failure, the gallant life-boat men persevered, until their efforts were rewarded by the rescuing of eleven lives from the wreck. Three more women might have been saved then, but the horror and suffering had sapped their nerve and strength, so that they dared not make the risky bid for safety, although their comrades had already done so successfully.

Photo. Halftones.

A PLUCKY DUTCHMAN.

The small boat by the aid of which Captain Sperling—standing in the stern and marked by the X—rescued the three women who were the last left alive on the deck of the wreck.

The Hero of the Hour.

It was the knowledge that these three women were alive that spurred Captain Sperling, accompanied by his two nephews, to make still one more effort to reach the wreck. They embarked in the tug *Wodan*, a small boat towing astern, and in that manner reached a spot some three hundred yards from the wreck. The tug could proceed no further, and Captain Sperling clambered down into the small boat and started out heroically towards the wreck. At length he reached it. When the small boat struggled back to safety it had on board the three last survivors of the terrible disaster.

Photo. Halftones.

CAPTAIN PARKINSON,

Who was at first Supposed to be the Sole Survivor.

Saved by Matches.

Mr. Franz Dennigen, a member of the German Opera Company, who is now in London, owes his life to a box of matches. He had put his trunk in the boat train on Wednesday night. Then he left to buy a box of matches. When he returned the train was moving out of the station. He tried to get past an official of the Great Eastern Railway, but the latter refused to let him pass.

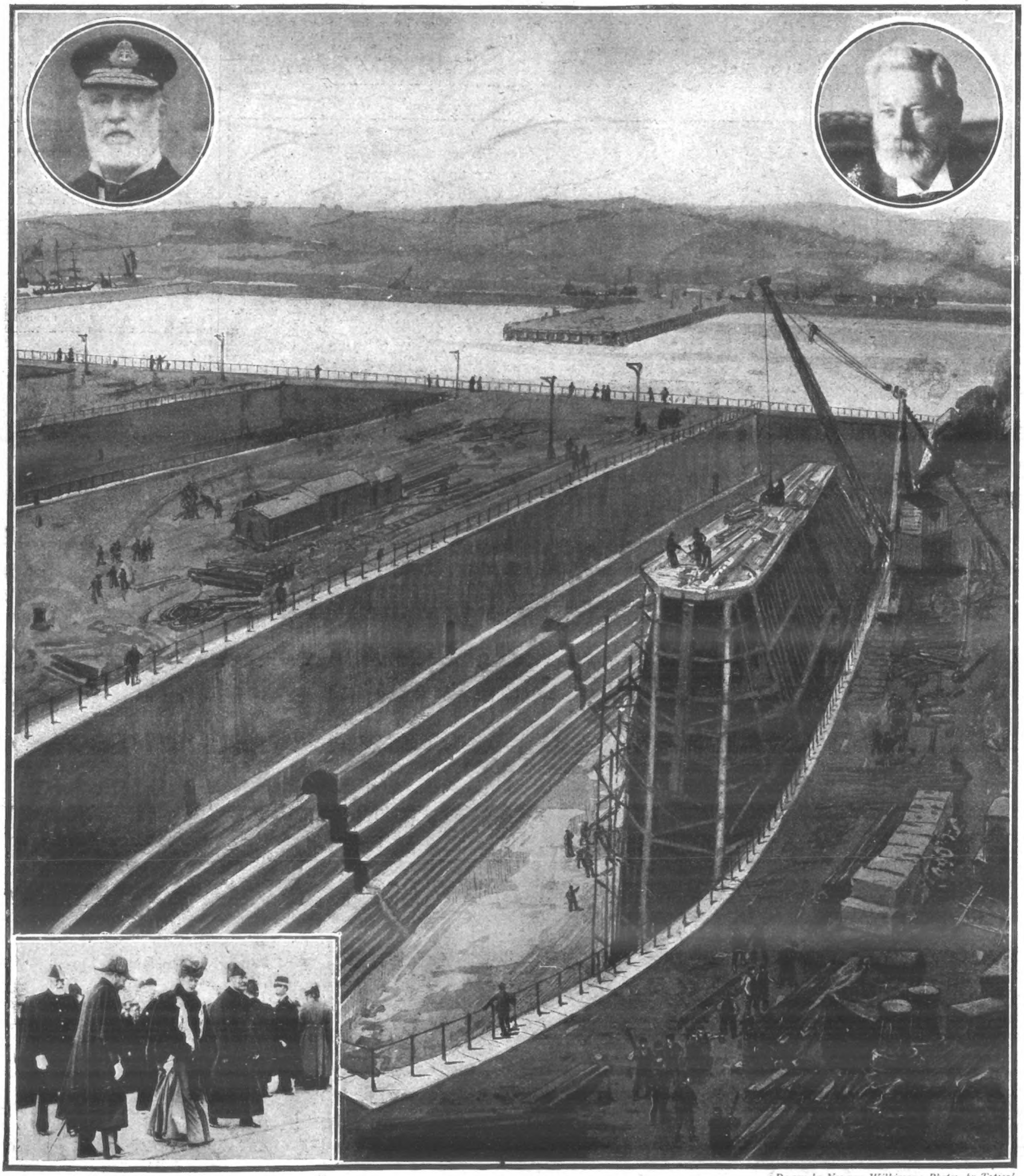
Guarded to the Last.

A pathetic figure aboard the *Berlin* was Master Hirsch, who was leaving his mother ill in London to join his father in Hanover. The company made special arrangements for his safe travelling. He had been put in charge of Mr. Moor, the chief steward, and was recovered from the waves dead, but still locked in his guardian's arms.

THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN PARKINSON.

Drawn by Monteith Dodshon from a Sketch by our Special Artist at the Hook.

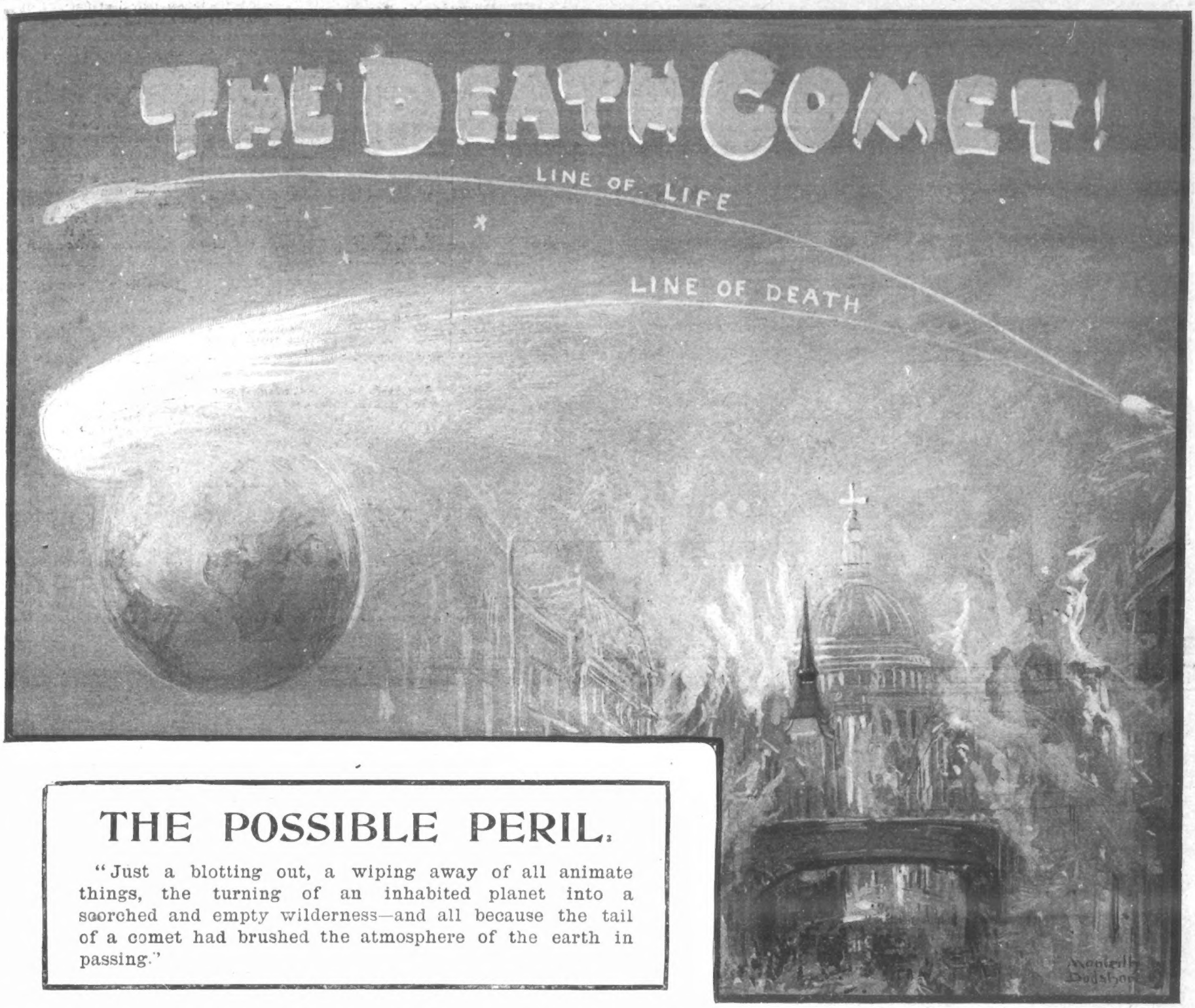
DEVONPORT'S HOSPITAL FOR WAR-SHIPS.



Drawn by Norman Wilkinson; Photos by Topical.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL PART OF THE NORTH EXTENSION OF DEVONPORT DOCKYARD, BUILT AT A COST OF ABOUT £4,500,000, AND OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES LAST WEEK.

The dry dock shown in the foreground is 650 feet long; the closed basin in the background has an area of 35½ acres, and the extension covers nearly 120 acres. In the centre of the dock is a caisson in course of construction. Inset in the left hand top corner is Admiral Beaumont, and in the right the Mayor of Devonport. At the foot of the drawing is a photograph of the Prince and Princess of Wales going on board the "Enchantress" to lunch, accompanied by Lord Tweedmouth.



THE POSSIBLE PERIL.

"Just a blotting out, a wiping away of all animate things, the turning of an inhabited planet into a scorched and empty wilderness—and all because the tail of a comet had brushed the atmosphere of the earth in passing."

ANYTHING that is made, the work of man or of some higher force, can be destroyed—unmade.

It is because this fact is common knowledge that rumours of a coming destruction of the earth, a wiping-out of all things animate, bring into the minds of the most unscientific a new and rather horrible wonder. It makes them turn to the works of great men who have studied the deeper secrets of the stars, compels them to read that which in the ordinary way they would cast aside—because at the back of their brains there is always the fear: "Can these men be right?"

Within the last half-century, within, indeed, the last score of years, there have been prophets crying out that the world was to come to an end. They have ranged their facts in order, pointed to some new star in the heavens or some fresh spot on the sun; and, though the majority of the hearers have laughed, there is probably not one of them who has not paused to think, even though he laughed the while—"Is it possible?"

It requires no vivid imagination, no knowledge of the deeper sciences, to realise what might happen. There is one truth that the great scientists will not dispute, and that is that there is nothing animate or inanimate that is not in danger, more or less acute, of alteration or total destruction.

So far our earth, this planet of ours that can claim no superiority to many others, has escaped the dangers that are always hovering round it. On more than one occasion a danger has drawn near and—passed. For this scientists have given reasons, probably very sound ones; but to the lay mind they are as indefinite as the danger itself. To them it is enough that the end of the world has not come; for the rest—well, it is enough.

Only a few days ago, when the newspapers were full of the horrors of a great disaster at sea, there crept into the columns of print a paragraph that told of a new comet, the heading to which was, "Danger to the Earth." Then, with all the gruesome tales of death and sufferings to be perused, how many were there who did not find time to read that short account of the discovery of this new comet, so that they might learn what danger threatened this earth of ours? Men in trains laughed at it, joking to each other as they read; but in the hidden cells of their brains there was still a fear. Not that they were concerned about the well-being of the earth, for they were just thinking what it meant to themselves.

And there were facts to make them think, too. They read that the danger lay in one direction. At a certain time, at present only fairly definite, this new comet, which was as yet only a speck of light, invisible to the naked eye, would have to pass the earth, and it was in its passage that the *thing* might happen. It was possible that it would pass at a safe distance, leaving the men at work in the cities and the women busy in their homes; but it was also possible that the tail of this comet might brush the atmosphere of the earth in passing. What then?

Just a blotting out, a wiping away of all animate things, the turning of an inhabited planet into a scorched and empty wilderness. And all because the tail of a comet had brushed the atmosphere of the earth in passing. To the lay mind it sounds a small thing, but to the scientific mind it tells of the abyss between life and death.

For a day this fear that men carried secretly in their brains prevailed, and at the end of that time there appeared fresh news. The great professor to whom the discovery and the prophecy had been attributed denied that there was danger, denied it totally and without qualification. Then once more the men going to their work in trains laughed and spoke of the prophecy, but this time their mirth was genuine. Of course they never had really believed that there was danger, they told themselves, still, these scientists were really quite alarming at times.

It is in this way that the fear of the approach of the end of the world comes and goes, but it is as well to remember that some day there will be a prophecy that will not be idle.

Here in England, a country singularly free from organic disturbances, we are naturally slow to realise what might happen. Within the last few years we have heard and read of great earthquakes, of whole cities thrown into ruins in an hour, and perhaps we have even known someone whose life has ended with the coming of the earthquake. Yet for all that, though we know that there are the graves of the victims in other countries, we do not seriously ask ourselves if it be not possible that this same thing could happen here—here in England. As one looks round instinctively, in the city or in the open country, one cannot find reason for a change, cannot realise why one should happen. But think. Did the inhabitants of San Francisco expect calamity; or was it waited for in Jamaica?

What, too, is an earthquake compared with the coming of a comet? The one may wreck a city, may bring about the death of a few hundreds of men or women, may mean the loss of fortunes to as many more, and that is all. But the passage of a comet close to the earth would mean the destruction of the earth, or, at least, of all life upon it.

In the wake of an earthquake, or of any other great disaster, comes talk of help to be sent to the sufferers, and of great claims that will have to be met by the insurance companies.

If the tail of a passing comet brushed the atmosphere of the earth there would be no talk of help, no talk of loss, for there would be no earth. In a second, in a fraction of time that none would be alive to count, this great world of ours, its continents and its countries, its black people and its white, its rich and its poor, its peace and war, would vanish.

Can it be wondered at that a thought like this brings a shudder into the blood of the greatest unbeliever, of that thoroughly ignorant individual who, with his feet planted upon earth, swears that there can be no change, that there is nothing greater than that which he sees, and, inwardly, regards as his birthright?

Aye, right in the back of this man's brain, hidden jealously from the eyes of his fellow-men, there is the same fear that there is in the mind of the man who thinks and tries to understand, and every time that there is a rumour of danger to this earth, that fear creeps out of its cell. It forces itself before the man's eyes, and though he looks away from it he sees it, because the eyes of the mind are not as other eyes.

Look round to-night, if it be a starry night, and turn from point of light to point of light. Forget, if you have ever known them, the scientific reasons why those points of light should keep their places in the heavens. Remember only that some of those specks of light once held life, but that they are empty now, and wonder if it be possible that some day some other people, perhaps not in the least like us, will look from some planet that *they* call "earth," and think the same.

Then turn to the first man you meet and tell him that there is no fear in your brain—if you dare. N. M. S.

Miss Desperado,

BY

HENRY T. JOHNSON,

a Serial of absorbing interest, commences in Next Week's Issue of

The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

MR. HALDANE'S NEW ARMY.

WILL CONSCRIPTION COME?

Opinions of the Papers.

In brief, Mr. Haldane's scheme is:—(1) a Field Force of 160,000 Regulars for service in any part of the world; (2) a Territorial Force of 300,000 Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers.

Is the Scheme Possible?

Mr. Haldane's scheme for reorganising the military forces in the United Kingdom is admirable on paper (though in one or two points not quite clear). How it will work out in practice depends upon its reception by the British people.—*Chronicle.*

A Trial Will Tell.

Taken as a whole, this earnest and thoughtful scheme seems well calculated to obtain the best results from the voluntary system, and as such deserves a patient and sufficient trial at the hands of the nation.—*Tribune.*

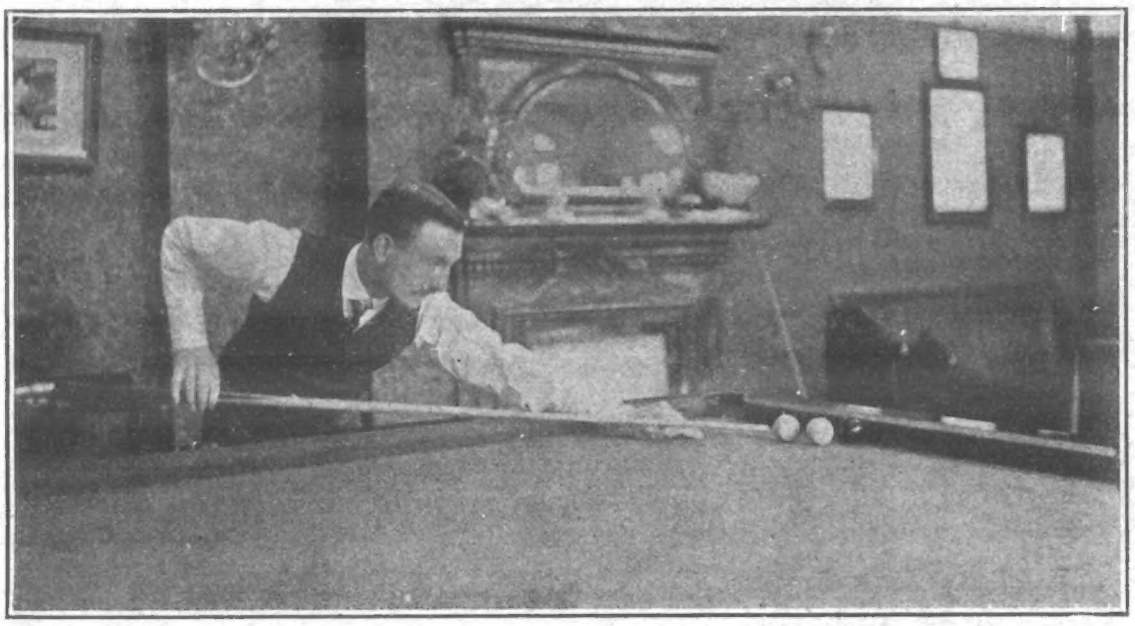
Conscription Inevitable.

It is very clear that voluntary service is now to have what may be taken as its last chance. Should it again fail, the country is not likely to ask yet another War Minister to devise a new scheme on the voluntary basis. Even now its patience is taxed to the uttermost, and it needs very little to persuade it that compulsory methods are inevitable.—*Morning Post.*

A Saving for the Nation.

Mr. Haldane's chief triumph is that he has saved £2,600,000 sterling. As a system of Army Reform, his scheme is highly interesting, but impracticable. It is a glittering machine, but it will not work.—*Express*

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.



THE CHAMPION: H. W. STEVENSON,

Who beat Dawson last week by 5269 points in a game of 9000 up. One of his notable breaks was 702.

Up till last Saturday evening, the hopes of the South were centred in five clubs—Woolwich Arsenal, Tottenham Hotspur, Crystal Palace, Brentford, and Bristol Rovers. This was a very fair average, considering that there had been so much cutting-up amongst themselves. And that unsatisfactory process—for the South—had, unfortunately, to be continued. The best that could happen was to leave three of the Southern clubs in the last eight, for in two cases clubs operating on this side of the Trent had to play each other.

Tottenham Hotspur had to make the journey to Nottingham to play the County team, and a sorry tale they had to tell upon their return. Four goals to none does not bring any particular solace to the defeated; but when—as good judges inform me—the beating was not only merited, but that Tottenham, on the run of the play, deserved to lose by a heavier margin, it makes a particularly bitter pill to swallow. The 'Spurs are renowned Cup-fighters, but for once they have belied their reputation.

Woolwich Arsenal beat Bristol Rovers by one goal to none, a return that does not do justice to the prowess of the Plumstead club. They had practically all the play, but in front of goal they were ridiculously weak, and it was rather trying to the looker-on to note the number of excellent chances that were thrown away.

One of the surprises of the round was the defeat of Bury by Barnsley on the latter's ground. The victory was only gained by one goal to nil, but Barnsley are very tricky customers to tackle on their "native heath." West Bromwich Albion are old Cup-holders, and they are not a team a club likes to be drawn against, for they generally contrive to show their best form. Last Saturday they knocked Derby County out of the competition by two goals to nil.

Liverpool had nothing to spare in their tie with Bradford City, despite playing on their own ground, for the Yorkshire club bustled them along so well that at the close the visitors were only a goal to the bad. Everton and Bolton Wanderers played a draw at Everton, and a similar result occurred in the tie between Sheffield Wednesday and Sunderland at Owlerton. Another draw was that between the Crystal Palace and Brentford, at Sydenham. Defence was the keynote of the whole game, and Taylor, the Brentford left-back, came out of the ordeal with flying colours.

Naturally, with so many Cup ties in evidence, there was very little League football. There were only three matches in the First Division, but they were interesting enough, and Newcastle United, in beating Middlesbrough by four goals to nil, easily retained their position at the head of the table. Aston Villa took second place by reason of a four goals to one victory over Manchester City; and in the other game Manchester United defeated Preston North End by three goals to nil.

Chelsea are still at the head of the Second Division, and on Saturday they beat Burton United by one goal to none. Earlier in the season the conquered had proved successful over the Stamford Bridge Club by two goals to one, so their success was extra satisfactory, and their promotion now appears a certainty. Notts Forest managed luckily to beat Clapton Orient by one goal to nil, and they have a great chance of accompanying the leaders into the upper circle.

The Southern League matches may be briefly reviewed. Swindon beat Norwich City by three goals to one; at far-away Plymouth the Argyle accounted for Queen's Park by two goals to one. Watford had the best of Reading by one goal to none, and a drawn game resulted from the meeting of Leyton and West Ham United. New Brompton and Fulham also drew on the former's ground, Southampton rather luckily beat Portsmouth by two to one, and Brighton and Hove scored three goals without a response from Northampton.

Would Ireland be good enough to defeat Scotland? That was the question which exercised Rugby men's minds chiefly last Saturday. The Scotsmen answered in no uncertain manner, for, after being three points down at the interval, they won by 15 points to 3, though this rather flatters their play. The scoring in the first half was due to a penalty kick successfully taken by Parke. But when the second half commenced Scotland pressed severely, and only magnificent tackling kept them out, Basil Maclear especially shining among the Irish defenders. Sanderson, Purves, and Frew, however, subsequently scored tries for Scotland, each of these being converted by Geddes.

HOCKEY.

It is no new thing for Ireland to show top-notch form at hockey, and no surprise was evinced when the news arrived

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

Photo. Baker and Muggeridge.

NOTTS COUNTY DEFEAT TOTTENHAM HOTSPURS.

Tottenham pressing by the Notts goal.

BEETHAM'S LAIT LAROLA REG.

Entirely removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., and

Keeps the Skin SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE at all seasons. Invaluable for the Complexion.

Delightfully Soothing and Refreshing after Walking, Golfing, Cycling, Motoring, &c. Bottles 1/-, 1/9, and 2/6 each. Of all Chemists and Stores.
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

FALLING EYELASHES

spoil the beauty of the fairest face, and deprive the eyes of their defence against dirt and dust. The eyelashes are strengthened and restored by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a remedy with 300 years' reputation. Supplied by chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each. A little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight" will be sent to any applicant by STEPHEN GREEN 210, Lambeth Rd., London. All who suffer from any eye trouble should send for it.

FWS

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to: 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

FOOTBALL.

THERE was disappointment attaching to the International game at Belfast last Saturday, for Ireland failed to show their true form against Wales, who won, rather fortunately, by three goals to two, this being their first defeat from the Principality since 1901. Meredith stood out as the cleverest player on the field; indeed, the famous outside right has seldom performed better. Roose, in goal, also had a deal to do with the victory of Wales, the Stoke amateur keeping out several difficult shots.

The ground was rather heavy, and in some places there were still traces of snow, but the conditions were not so bad as to handicap the players severely. O'Hagan opened the score for Ireland, but Morris equalised before half-time. It was close to the end before another point was registered, and then goals came quickly. First Meredith beat Skerry; then Sloan equalised for Ireland; and in the last minute Jones put on the winning goal for Wales. It was an exciting finish to a generally tame match.

One gets almost tired of writing of the pre-eminent position the English Cup-ties hold with the football public. It is so patent to the meanest observer, for a quarter of a million people patronised eight matches, and thousands of pounds entered the coffers of the clubs engaged. I doubt if there is one club in the kingdom who would not rather figure at the Crystal Palace in *the* Final than attain to any other football honour.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. BRISTOL ROVERS:

Bristol get the ball away from their goal.

The WATERLOO CUP. 1907

from Dublin that Wales had gone under to the "Paddies" by no fewer than five goals to none. As a matter of fact, the Irish goalkeeper had only two serious shots to deal with in the whole match, but in extenuation it must be said that Wales were not at full strength. In the North v. South match, at Brooklands, the former team suffered defeat by four goals to two. For once in a way Shoveller did not score, but the Hampstead crack played finely for the South, as also did Logan.

ROWING.

Both the Oxford and Cambridge crews have given satisfaction to their respective coaches, though the Cantabs have had some trouble owing to the indisposition of F. G. Hudson (Jesus), and it was not until last Friday that the constitution of the eight was finally decided on, J. H. F. Benham (Jesus) taking No. 2 permanently. Since then, the Light Blues have gone along admirably, and they were favourably criticised by the waterside experts when they "showed their paces" at Richmond on Monday. They tried the new boat, which suited them excellently. Oxford have also gained eulogy at Henley, their grip, swing, and general form giving the highest satisfaction.

BILLIARDS.

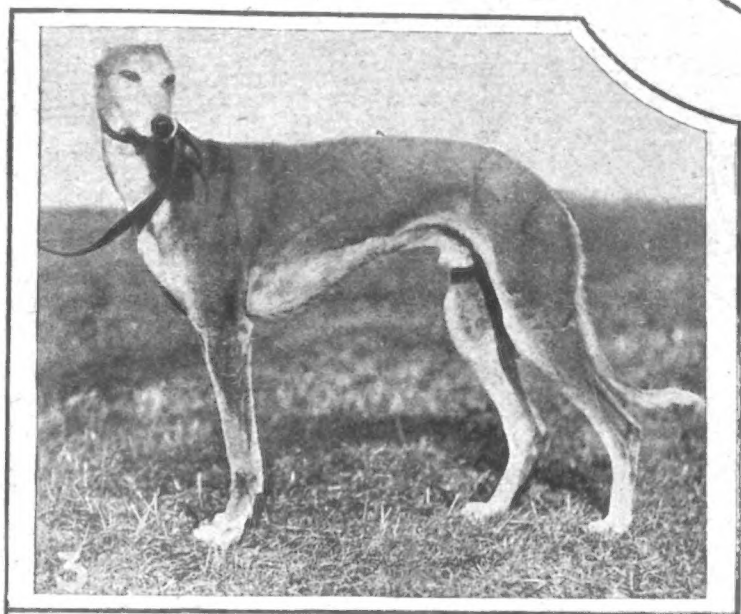
To H. W. Stevenson has gone the first prize in the big American tournament promoted by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts. And it was a success thoroughly deserved, for he played splendidly throughout, losing only one match. It was fitting that he should compile the highest break of the whole tournament during the very last day (this amounting to 702), and he likewise secured the prize for the best proportionate average, his figures working out at over 49 per innings. Truly, these are remarkable facts, and they lend colour to the contention of those who aver that Stevenson is better now than John Roberts was at any period of his wonderful career.

Stevenson, who is going abroad for two years, defeated Dawson by 5269, which, in a game of 9000 up, is sufficient indication of the manner in which the victor travelled, even allowing for Dawson not performing in anything like his true form. Diggle and Inman each won three games in the tournament and lost two; Dawson and Reece were each victorious on two occasions and defeated on three; while Harverson only registered one success in the series.

The question of the advisability of "barring" the stroke that Lovejoy has made famous came up at the meeting of the Billiards Association on Monday. There was a long discussion on the subject, and it was very wisely decided to take the opinion of the most celebrated amateurs and professionals before giving an official ruling. I have not seen the "Anchor" (or, as Lovejoy himself calls it, the "Cradle") stroke, but I am assured by experts that it is likely to prove monotonous, and may therefore be "barred."

COURSING.

Enthusiasm for coursing may not be quite so keen in the South as was the case some years ago, but that it still holds a big grip on other parts of the country was evident during "Waterloo Week." Long Span's victory in the Waterloo Cup was extremely popular, for not only was the winner greatly fancied, but Sir Robert Jardine, the owner, is a general favourite. At Lockerbie there were notable doings over the success of Long Span, the town bell being kept ringing and bonfires lighted, while a brass band attended at the station to help to celebrate the event when Sir Robert's train arrived last Friday evening.



1. THE FINAL BRACE IN SLIPS.
2. MR. HUNTLEY BIBBEY (LEFT) TALKING TO THE DUKE OF LEEDS. MR. C. W. BRICE (JUDGE) ON HORSE.
3. LONG SPAN, THE WINNER OF THE CUP.
4. GLENBRIDGE, THE RUNNER-UP.

Mr. A. D. Gaussen's Glenbridge ran up to Long Span in the Cup; the Earl of Sefton's Shake a Fut and the Duke of Leeds' Lottery divided for the Waterloo Purse, and the Hon. C. B. Hanbury's Mandini and Mr. F. Alexander's Bachelor's Acre divided for the Waterloo Plate.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

In direct contrast to a week previous, last Saturday's athletics were almost lifeless. It always happens so in the interim between the Southern, Midland, and Northern Championships and the great national event. The divisional races take so much steel out of the men that a rest is imperative before the most serious of all the cross-country contests of the season is entered upon. The runners will need all the reserve force they have at command in the struggle for the Blue Riband of the "plough and fallow" at Colwall Park.

On the form shown in the divisional championships, there should be a great fight for the highest honours. I fancy the Highgate Harriers will emerge victorious, though, of course, the Sutton, Birchfield, Hallamshire, and Haddington Harriers have all to be reckoned with. Last year Hallamshire were "juniors"; this season they won the Northern Championship. The Haddington Club are the Irish cracks who had four men in the first fifteen last year and finished third. For the individual placings, I fancy Pearce, Welding, Dunkley, Deakin, Bennion, Hynes, Johnston, Ashby, Day, Long, Hayes, and Birtles.

The Watford Athletic Club decided their seven miles championship over the home course last Saturday, and with this event was associated a sealed handicap. The addition of sealed handicaps to club championships is very useful in inducing a number of runners to take the field who would otherwise stay away. Many years ago the "so-and-so" challenge cup of this or that club was such a certainty at times for one runner that it was usually a difficulty to get others to enter and prevent a walk-over. The added handicap has altered all that.

But to the Watford event. W. A. Cooke won in 43 mins., his nearest attendant being H. A. Freeman, who was eight seconds longer in completing the journey. J. Munt was third, and R. Brown fourth. The latter, however, was the only first-claim member of those mentioned, and he was awarded the championship on that qualification. A. S. Pike, who had a handicap allowance of four and a-half minutes, won the latter event, Brown, from the three minutes' mark, being second.

The St. Martin's Harriers' five-miles open handicap was a decided success. As its name suggests, the club is composed of members of the staff of the General Post Office. The race was decided at East Finchley, and the first to pass the judges was A. W. Roberts, a member of the promoting club. He had 4 min. 30 sec. start, and he was followed home by C. Rimington, St. Bride's Inst. A.C., whose allowance was 4 min. 40 sec. E. G. Wainwright, Gainsford A.C., 3 min. 30 sec., was third. The fastest time, 28 min. 54 3-5 sec., was accomplished by C. G. Holdaway.

The Central London Federation of Working Men's Clubs held an inter-club race at Hampstead. Victory rested with the Gainsford A.C., who had roved successful in the two previous years. They also supplied the first five men home. The race of the Middlesex Walking Club at West Ealing introduced a promising novice in A. E. Spencer, who, with an allowance of 13 min., won very easily, and made the fastest time.

An interesting inter-collegiate contest was decided at Fenner's Ground, Cambridge, a team made up from King's and Third Trinity, Cambridge, opposing representatives of the Old Wykehamists and New College (Oxford), the Cantabs winning by six events to three. Cambridge won the sprint by W. Brass; throwing the hammer by K. W. Emslie and F. C. Tudsbury; putting the weight by K. W. Emslie; 440 yards by E. H. Ryle; and the hurdles and high jump by K. Powell. The Dark Blues' wins were in the long jump (J. Wickham); one mile (H. Sutton); and half-mile (P. Stormont-Darling).

DEATH OF BISHOP O'DOHERTY.

THE Most Reverend Dr. John Keys O'Doherty, Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Derry, died on Monday evening at Londonderry, after a severe illness contracted during a recent visit to Rome.

He was seventy-three years of age, and was consecrated by Cardinal Logue in 1890.

SPOTTED FEVER.

TWENTY-ONE fresh cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis were reported on Monday.

It was stated in Belfast that the son of the Rev. O. B. Armour, of Ballymoney, an Oxford undergraduate, had contracted the disease.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

WHY SUFFER FROM SKIN ILLNESS?

Skin troubles are in many cases disfiguring, and in all cases are irritating and annoying even if not positively painful. Consequently, everyone dreads skin affections, and no effort should be too great to restore the skin to perfect health, comfort, and beauty. When, however, it is realised that the "Antexema" treatment is equally successful in every type of skin complaint, and that it is equally easy, simple, and safe, the question arises: "Why suffer from skin illness?"

You Can be Cured

if you will, and we are so convinced of this that we offer you a FREE TRIAL not only of "Antexema," but also of the "Antexema Granules," which are so valuable in all skin troubles due to impurity of the blood.

It should be remembered that under the one term "skin troubles," are included not only severe but also slight everyday complaints.

"Antexema" cures eczema, leg wounds, and all skin troubles

Anything that affects the health of the scarf skin or detracts from its appearance is a form of skin illness. Chapped hands, chilblains, red, rough, or scurfy skin, cracked lips, burns, cuts, scalds, boils, pimples, and blackheads are all varieties of skin affection, and, unimportant as they may seem, they are all enemies of good looks and comfort. Then, again, there are the skin troubles of children, and also facial blemishes, nettlerash, ringworm, leg wounds, and scores of other such unpleasant complaints, but most frequent of all are the

Various forms of Eczema,

comprising eczema of the face, hands, legs, back, arms, and chest, which in many cases inflicts torture on the sufferers. It is impossible to realise the misery and humiliation people endure as the result of eczema, but the facts would be brought home keenly to the imagination of our readers if they saw the letters we receive from those we have cured Imagine, for instance, sufferers being

Unable to Sleep Properly

owing to intolerable irritation, and you can then realise the delight of those who have got rid of the eczema and are able to attend to their daily businesses in comfort, and to enjoy restful sleep at night. Recollect also that these miracles of healing are being wrought by "Antexema" every day, and that people who were utterly sceptical of the power of anything on earth to cure them have been convinced by the sure logic of facts that this apparent impossibility can be accomplished by "Antexema." However badly you may have suffered or may be suffering, do not despair, but give "Antexema" a trial.

"Antexema" cleanses the pores, soothes and softens the skin; and pimples, roughness, blemishes, chafing, and all skin troubles disappear under its magical influence. "Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash; but it is just as useful for minor ailments such as chafed or irritated skin, red, rough hands, chaps, and acne. It is not an ointment, but forms an invisible healing, soothing, non-poisonous, protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it.

Why Not Try "Antexema"?

"Antexema" is supplied by all chemists at 1/1½ and 2/9, or direct (post free) for 1/3 or 2/9. It is absurd to go on suffering when you can be cured, and it is surely worth while to try "Antexema" at our expense. To do this you can either cut out the coupon at foot or write us, mentioning the "Penny Illustrated Paper," and enclose three penny stamps for our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," and a generous Free Trial of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules." The Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

ANTEXEMA
Quickly Relieves and Rapidly Cures

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON

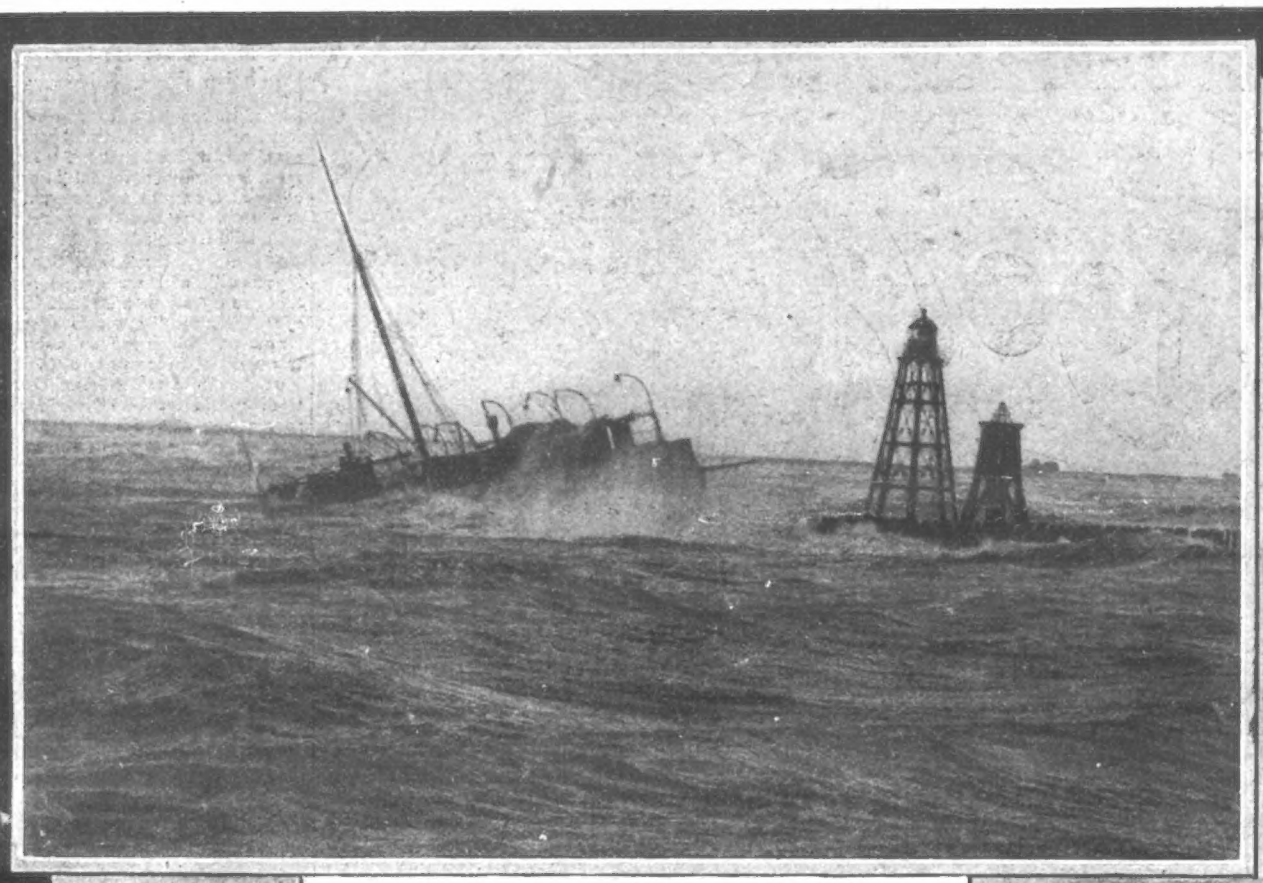
Fill in this coupon and pin three penny stamps to it for our family handbook, and receive with it a generous Free Trial of 'Antexema' and 'Antexema Granules.' The ANTEXEMA COMPANY 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

Name

Address

Penny Illustrated Paper, 2/3/07.

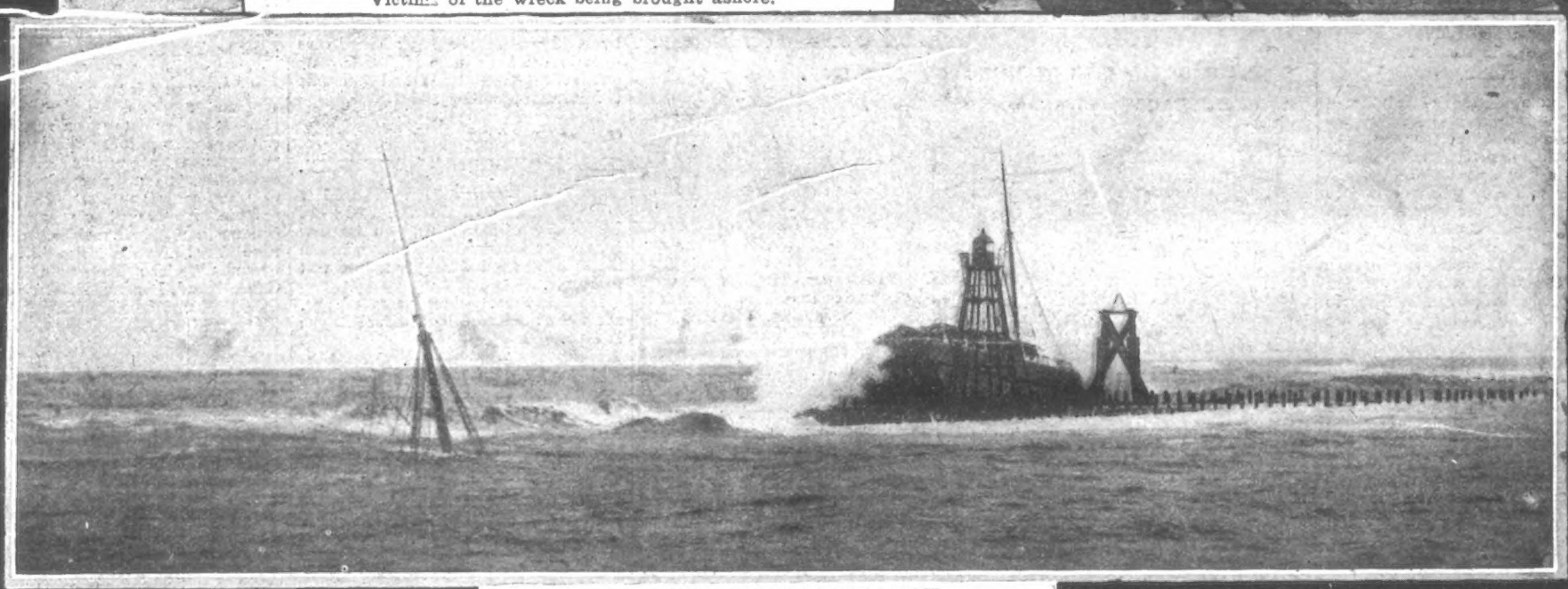
WR "BE



WHERE THE SURVIVORS WAITED.
Waves breaking over the after-deck from where the few survivors were rescued.

WHERE HELP CAME TOO LATE.
Victims of the wreck being brought ashore.

A PAINFUL [illegible]SIO
The body of a victim [illegible]mo



THE SUBMERGED FORE-DECK

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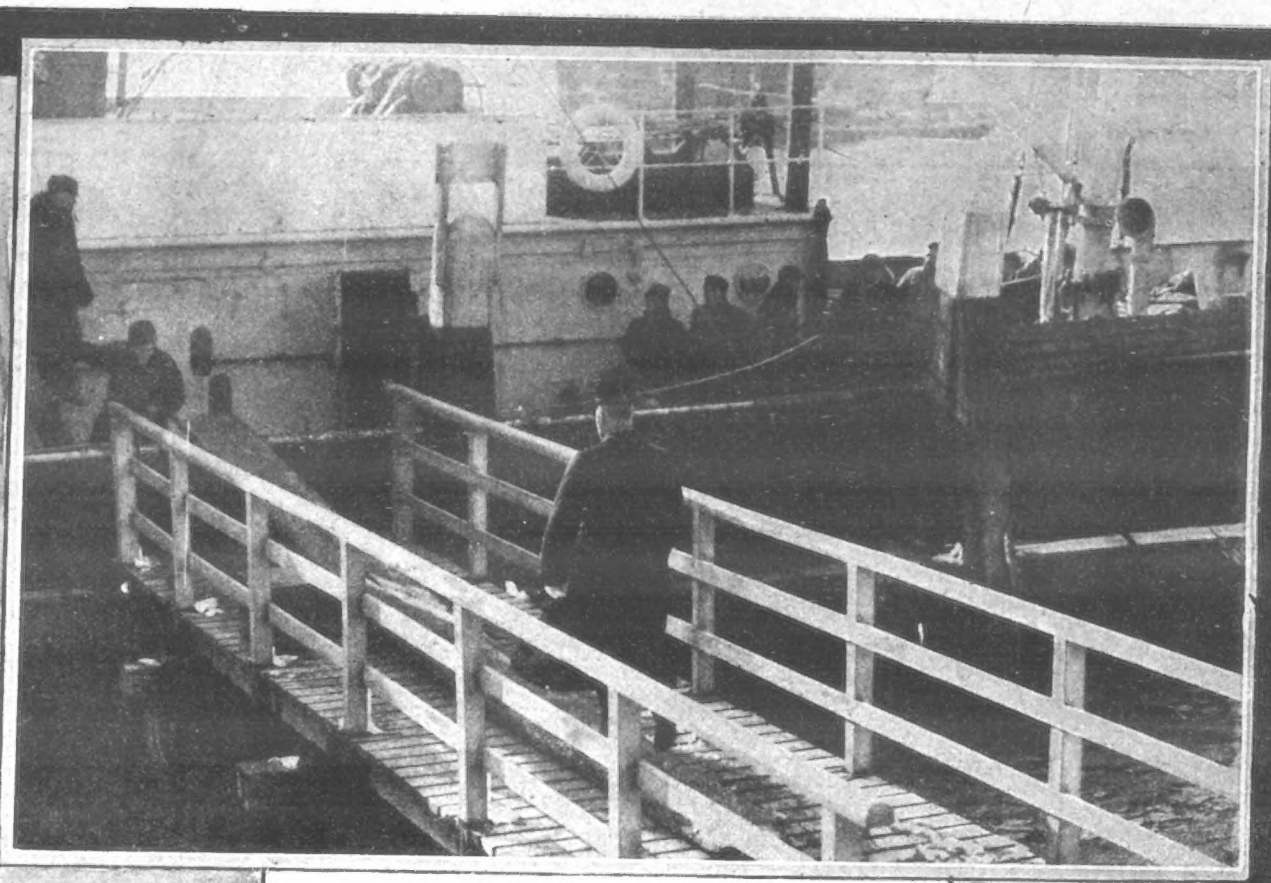
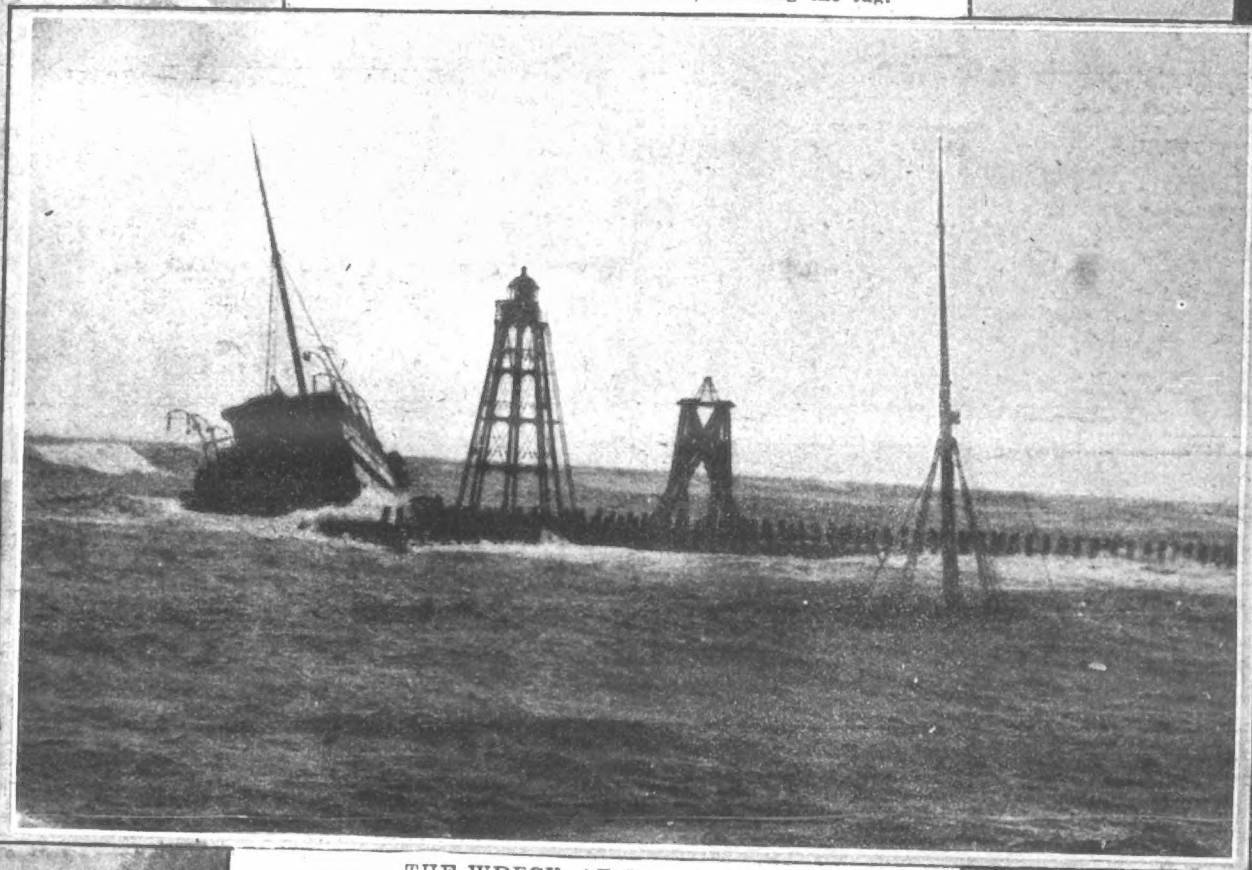


A PLUCKY PRINCE.
The Prince of the Netherlands, who went out repeatedly through the storm to the wreck, boarding the tug.

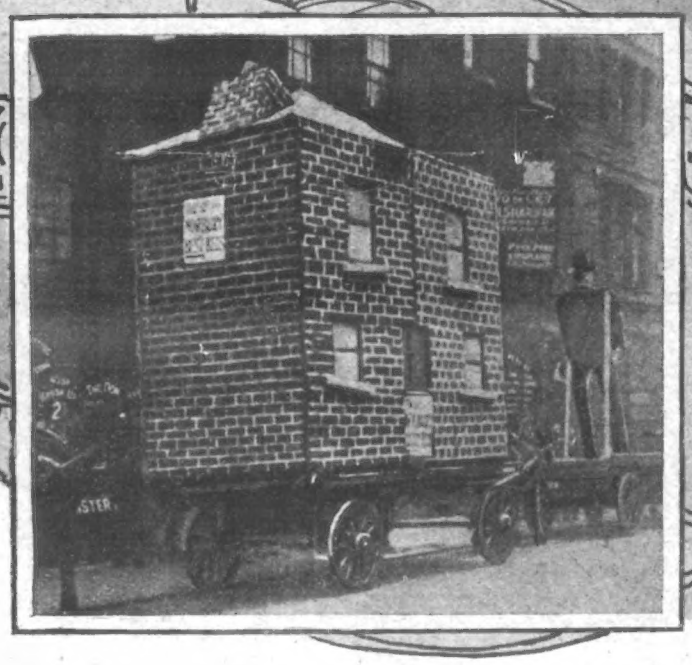


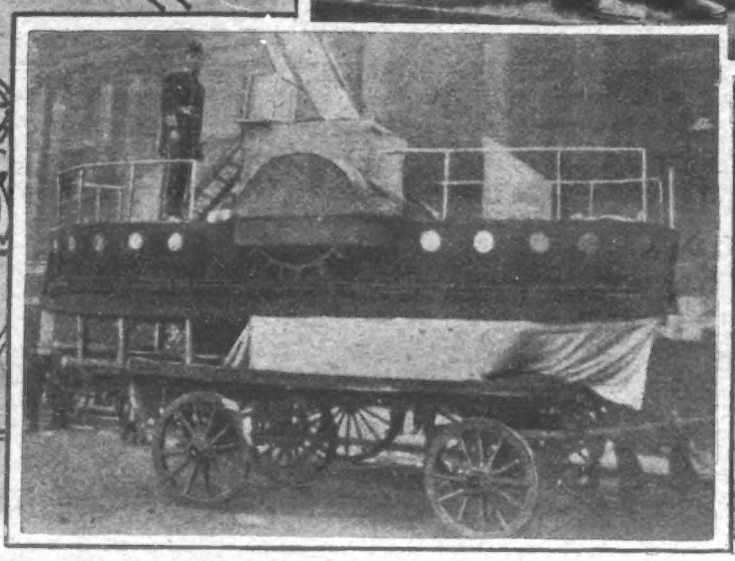
THE WRECK AT LOW WATER.
Survivors still on board.

THE WATCHERS ON THE SHORE.

Photos. Illustrations Bureau.

ELECTION·EFFIGIES





THE MARCH OF THE MODERATES THROUGH LONDON.

On Saturday last a great procession of voters, most of them belonging to the Moderate party, marched through London and held a meeting in Trafalgar Square. Our photographs show effigies in the procession intended to cast ridicule upon the Progressives: a house built of Norbury bricks; banners made of L.C.C. blankets; a river steamer commanded by a gorgeously attired captain; and a giant figure symbolical of a ratepayer in the grasp of the L.C.C.

ECHOES OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA.

ALTHOUGH the public interest in the island of Jamaica in general, and in Kingston in particular, has undergone a great diminution throughout the United Kingdom since the first news of the earthquake plunged the whole population into horror-stricken sympathy with the sufferers, comparatively little in the way of personal narrative from the inhabitants of the ruined capital of the chief of our West Indian dependencies has reached the British public through the medium of the newspapers. Had it been otherwise, the sympathy, instead of waning, as it undoubtedly has waned, would have increased by leaps and bounds, for nothing more awful can be imagined than the conditions under which the better class of the community, in common with the lowest sections of the people of Kingston, have been living and will have to continue to live for many months.

"From my surviving brother in Kingston," writes Mr. Rudolph de Cordova, "I have received a letter giving a vivid description of the present conditions of life, as well as some striking details of the extraordinary escape of himself and other relatives and friends. Part of this I reproduce, omitting names, of course, which would be of no interest to the general public, and substituting initials for them. My brother says: 'I have no data to guide me, but from observation I should say that eighty per cent. of the inhabitants of Kingston and the residential portion of St. Andrew are living and sleeping in servants' rooms, coach-houses, stables, under tents or bits of canvas, or carpets, or sheets, or counterpanes stretched on four posts, or sheds, or cocoanut-boughs. Up to now I know of only two houses that have been occupied from the time of the earthquake. It is not merely funk that keeps people out of doors. You can form no idea of the complete destruction nor can you picture the conditions; and the highest as well as the lowest are in dire straits so far as habitations are concerned.

"'A great many people are camping-out on the racecourse; a great many are camping-out on small plots of ground attached to the residences, but camping-out in the way they are doing means exposure and insanitary and pestiferous conditions.

"'After taking D—— and the children for safety to Port Antonio, sixty miles from Kingston, I had to return to town, and I slept on the lawn of a friend's house with a stretch of canvas over me. I put on my pyjamas and an overcoat over them, but most people have slept in their clothes. It is all right in fine weather, but when we get rain I shall be drenched to the skin, and so will all the other people who are compelled to sleep under similar conditions.

"'F—— M—— and his family are in coach-houses and stables, and with them, on the same premises, are about twenty other people. I am told that about a hundred people are in occupation of the St. Andrew Club, and many of them sleep on the open verandah. The Chief Justice is living in his swimming-bath.

"'I was in Court at the time the earthquake occurred. The Chief Justice was sitting. The building began to rock like a ship at sea. Instinctively I moved towards the middle of the Court-room. Most of those in Court did the same. The Chief Justice left the Bench and came to where I was, and I heard him say, "I think we had better all clear out." Then I heard someone ask, "Are the steps standing?" Without waiting for an answer I rushed down them. I seemed to skim over the débris with which the stairs were covered. The air was filled with dust, which was as thick as the densest smoke, and it shut out all possibility of seeing one's way. But I knew the building so well that I could walk over it with my eyes closed. Still, the dust was choking me, so I pulled off my gown, and while rushing through the darkness I used it as a fan. When I got outside into the street it was as black as night. I ran eastward, and came into a patch of about fifteen feet of light. When I crossed it I was in blackness again.'

"Eventually my brother was able to make his way home, where he found his wife in the street, for, of course, the house in which they lived had met with the same fate as most of the other houses in the city. Their children, however, were at Rae Town, a seaside suburb a couple of miles from Kingston, where they were spending the day with some friends. My brother and his wife hastened 'to find the house a complete and total wreck.'

"There was not a height of five feet of wall standing, and the roof was covered with débris. The children and all their elders who were at home were caught by the collapsing building as in a trap, which fell with the roof slanting towards the street. The young children and the grown-up people began to cry, but my brother's son—a boy of ten—told them in a masterful way to be quiet. 'He saw a hole in the roof and he clambered through it over the débris and on to the roof.

"'Then with one hand he held fast, and with the other he gave each in turn a pull to get them out of the building on to the roof, down which they all slid to the ground, for by that time the sides of the roof were touching the earth.

"'I decided to spend the night on the water,' continues the letter, 'and we got an asylum on a small sloop, but the *Port Kingston*, the steamer on which we had gone to England last spring, came out from her dock, and we left the schooner and went on to her, where we spent the night and part of the next day, when we had to leave.

"'I have heard it said the dead will number fifteen hundred. I cannot tell. Over six hundred were buried at May Pen. They are still finding bodies, and still burning them in the streets. There are still unrecovered bodies under the débris. There are still people missing, and there must be a great number missing and dead—unimportant people—of whom we shall never hear.'"

STAMPS FOR JAMAICA FUND.

THE Governor of Barbadoes, in order to extend facilities to subscribers of small sums to the fund for the relief of the earthquake sufferers at Kingston, has decided to make a special issue of twopenny stamps, surcharged "Kingston Relief Fund, 1d.," for sale to the public at twopence.

These stamps are available for postal purposes as penny stamps, the remaining penny in respect of each stamp sold going to the fund for relief purposes (says the *Daily Graphic*).

TURNER IN COURT FOR THE SECOND TIME.

HENRY GEORGE TURNER, charged with the murder of Mr. William Whiteley at Westbourne Grove on Jan. 24, appeared before Mr. Paul Taylor, at the Marylebone Police-court on Tuesday morning. He was still looking ill, and the traces of his self-inflicted wounds are evident.

In the hope of catching a glimpse of the prisoner as he was brought into court a considerable crowd had gathered in Seymour Place between nine and ten o'clock. They were disappointed, however, as Turner had arrived from Brixton Prison at half-past eight.

The public were refused admission to the court, the limited accommodation being entirely occupied by those concerned in the case.

Mr. Pierron appeared as solicitor on behalf of the accused man.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

Seymour Hicks Resting.

On Saturday Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss made their final appearance in London for the present, after playing in "The Beauty of Bath" for nearly a year. They are going for a provincial tour, and it is to be hoped that it will be a successful one. After this tour, for the first time for some years, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks will take a rest for three months—a complete rest for Miss Terriss; a rest only so far as acting is concerned for Mr. Hicks, who will set to work on the new play in which Mr. Frohman will "present" him and his wife when they return to the Hicks Theatre in September.

"Robin Hood's" Successor.

Mr. Lewis Waller has arranged to follow "Robin Hood" with a comedy from the pen of Messrs. Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval, which has yet to be named. Mr. Waller has associated himself with a powerful company, including Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. A. E. George, Mr. Herbert Jarman, and Mr. Herman De Lange. The period of the play is in that very picturesque time of 1820

Theatrical Stars for the "Halls."

The most welcome of recent additions to the ranks of music-hall artists is Mr Hayden Coffin, who is singing popular songs with which his name is associated at the Palace. He is received with much enthusiasm. Mr Aubrey Fitzgerald has also joined the ranks, and is appearing with great success at the Tivoli

"When Knights Were Bold."

The reappearance of Mr. James Welch at Wyndham's Theatre is very welcome, and he is likely to score much success as the dapper little Sir Guy Vere. "When Knights were Bold" is only a scheme, and not exactly a play; but it is an amusing scheme. Regarded as a play, the work of "Charles Marlowe" is naught, but it gives one of our cleverest and most fertile low-comedians a capital opportunity of showing his capacity for entertaining an audience by the hour. Worshippers of music-hall stars, when comparing them with performers in the legitimate and explaining their failure in the ordinary theatres, point out that their work is essentially self-centred and intensely concentrated—that they put the whole vitality of a day into a few minutes, and are at sea when asked to spread their work over a couple of hours or so. Mr. Welch showed the intensity of work typical of the music-hall artist, but he spread it over two hours and a half without obvious diminution of intensity. Moreover, the author has given full scope for wild fun in the act where the twentieth-century degenerate, with a spark of warm blood in him, finds himself back in the times of the peculiarly un-English king, Richard Cœur de Lion, and endeavours, despite his modern ideas to accommodate himself to the brutal manners of the twelfth century. Among those who supported Mr. Welch it is but fair to mention Miss Audrey Ford, quite effective as his sweetheart; Miss Daisy Cordell, and Messrs. H. J. Ford and G. F. Tully

A Beautiful American.

Miss Maxine Elliott, the beautiful American actress who is as popular on this as on the other side of the Atlantic, is coming to London next summer to confer with Mr. H. V. Esmond on the new play which he is writing for her, and which will be produced here during this year. One is glad to find that Mr Esmond will be well represented in London again—for Mr. Cyril Maude's next piece at the Playhouse will be from his pen

Discourteous Curtains.

The "amusing incident" of which Mr. Charles Groves was the unenvied hero at Terry's recently was to the habitual playgoer reminiscent of similar or kindred acts of seeming discourtesy on the part of stage curtains. Mr. Groves was about to speak the "tag" of the little piece, "Weighed in the Balance," which precedes the play of the evening, when the curtain, from some cause or another—it looked like rude impatience—came down with a plump, leaving the comedian, who was presenting the character of a farmer, more open-mouthed than is usual even with the stage agriculturist. In response, doubtless, to some remarks from the surprised actor, the curtain rolled upwards again; but again, too, it descended before Mr. Groves could get out the final lines of the little comedy, and the members of the audience found themselves employing the interval between the two productions in supplying as best they could the missing words and comparing notes upon the various results. One of the worst curtain muddles I ever saw (says a writer in *M.A.P.* recalling some similar blunders) was performed at the Criterion years ago, on the occasion of the first night of a revival of "Cyril's Success." Mr. Leonard Boyne was the victim then, and history does not say who suffered besides. During the run of "Falka" at the Comedy it came to pass that one evening upon the curtain rising on the last act of "Falka" at least one minute before its time, the people in front were astonished and amused to discover a gentleman eminent in the world of art chatting merrily with a beautiful damsel who was standing on the steps of a throne, or something of the sort, attired as a page of the elastic comic-operatic author stepped before the curtain and got in a most successful physical acknowledgement of the public's applause, but the dignity of the situation was entirely spoilt by the curtain deciding at this moment to repair its former mistake, and making a perfectly unnecessary and ludicrous ascent and descent, revealing as it did so a number of agitated men in shirt-sleeves pushing and pulling things about in preparation for the principal piece.

The Curtain that Scowled.

It is wonderful what character an inanimate object can display when it is controlled, or uncontrolled, by human hands. The theatre-curtain is full of character: it has more of it than the collar-stud, which Andrew Lang made the hero of an amusing magazine article on "The Perversity of Inanimate Objects." It is not that the figures painted on it have anything to do with it. There is seldom any character about those. I have known a plain white fire-curtain to shine all over with the humour of an overdone obstinacy, like a circus clown. The Shaftesbury fire-curtain worked splendidly during the rehearsals of "As You Like It," in the young days of the theatre's existence; but early in the evening of "*the* night," after it had been lowered in the process of practice, no power on earth could induce it to rise again. It pressed its edge so closely to the stage, and seemed to stare out so defiantly from its whiteness, that the engineer talked to it coaxingly, as if into a human face puckered up and pale with temper

"Too Late to Mend."

The Comedy curtain's second blunder, in the reign of the pretty opera "Falka," was, in its way, quite as amusing as its first A new opening piece of one act had been produced for the first time, and had made something of a hit. Cries for the author were answered in the usual way—that is, the curtain was sent up that the stage might present the audience with the spectacle of a modest semi-circle of panting, smiling players; and then it descended. Soon, however, it rose again in response to more emphatic demands for the author, but almost before that distinguished gentleman had found time to put two feet on the stage, certainly before he had found time to compose his body for a grateful bow, it went down with a run. The cries continuing, the period. The look of panic which spread over the countenance of the unfortunate artist was hailed by a delighted audience as a perfect gem of the art of facial expression

The Wonderful Loie Fuller.

Miss Loie Fuller, the wonderful Loie Fuller who is for ever devising new sensations in her "serpentine dancing," has in Paris put the magic-lantern to a use which is a revelation of its possibilities. She makes the magic-lantern slide take the place of scenery. In her old dances she threw lights and figures on herself as she moved. Now she creates a scene to move in. An immense curtain of thin net is dropped between the scene and the auditorium. Another thicker white curtain is dropped at the back of the stage to within five or six feet of the floor. Wonderful pictures to serve as settings for her dances are thrown by magic-lantern through this gauze (says the *Evening Standard*), and create the illusion of a perfect stage setting, in which she and her troupe of figurantes move as in a real scene. A famous singer, watching the effect, said, "This does away with all need for scene-painting. Why go to the expense of painting scenery? You can get 'atmosphere' in this way which could never be secured by any scene-painter."

Miss Unger's New Comedy.

The following are the principal members of the cast of Miss Gladys Unger's four-act comedy, "Mrs Sheridan," which Mr. Bourchier will produce at the Garrick Theatre on Wednesday evening, March 6—

Richard Brinsley Sheridan	Mr. Bourchier
Tom (his son)	Mr. W. Pearce
Lord Cray	Mr. C. Ke[illegible]
Mr. Rundle	Mr. S. Valentine
Edwards (Sheridan's servant)	Mr. C. V. France
Mr. Baines	Mr. L. Calvert
A Sheriff's Officer	Mr. C. Goodhart
Miss Esther Ogle	Miss A. Carlisle
Mrs. Ogle (her mother) ...	Miss H. Rous
Prudence Rundle	Miss P. Gaythorne
Kitty Montmorency (an actress)	Miss N. Price

Society and the Footlights.

The connection between Society and the Stage is maintained not entirely by the quick repetition of that sensational marriage which promotes the "show girl" of musical comedy to "leading lady" in the abode of Nobility. Occasionally the process of cementation is illustrated by the wedding of Society to the Stage itself. Under the *nom-de-théâtre* of "Mr. Erskine," Lord Rosslyn made a very fair reputation for himself as an actor. Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, nephew of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, was for many years on the stage as "Mr. Cosmo Stuart" before he married Miss Marie Tempest. Mr. Cyril Maude (says *M.A.P.*), when he joined the ranks of the theatrical profession some twenty years ago—making his first appearance in London, as I but recently stated in these columns, in a tragic part at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—did so with the blessing and the good wishes of relatives distinguished in Army circles.

Mr. Tree's Visit to Berlin.

Mr. Tree, during the forthcoming visit of His Majesty's Theatre company to Berlin, is desirous of presenting "Twelfth Night" before the Kaiser with all possible completeness. To this end he has obtained permission from the Messrs. Gatti, managers of the Vaudeville Theatre, for Mr. Courtice Pounds to perform the singing part of the Clown, in which he made such a success in the revival of Shakspere's comedy.

Photos. Stage Pictorial.

"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

Our first picture shows Miss Audrey Ford as Lady Rowena Eggington; the one in the centre Mr. Guy Lane as the Rev. Peter Pottleberry, D.D., respectively. And the last represents the great conflict between Sir Guy de Vere (Mr. James Welch) and the villain, Sir Brian Ballymote (Mr. Charles Weir), in the second act, for the hand of the Lady Rowena. Time has rolled back 710 years since the first act ended, but Sir Guy, being still dominated by modern ideas, ends the fight by doffing all his armour except "the mailed fist"; and then, coming at the giant Ballymote like an up-to-date boxer, brings him, sword and all, to earth.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Shall the Lords be Abolished?

FOR.

To talk fiercely of the House of Lords as the enemy of the people, to sneer at it as the most cowardly assembly in the country, to shout for its abolition, and, in the same breath, to characterise it as the most insignificant item in the Constitution, is unmistakable evidence of the unbalanced minds of those who, for the furtherance of their own political gains, seek to undermine and destroy the very foundation on which our system of government is built.

Solidity is very dear to the hearts of Englishmen. True, modern enterprise and hustle are doing their best to Continentalise and to Americanise them, but we shall never bring ourselves to speak of the "volatile Briton." The Englishman is solid. He loves grit and backbone, and in the House of Lords he recognises the backbone of our constitutional rule. He has a deep regard and implicit trust in the splendid assembly which has always sustained its part with the utmost credit and honour, with distinguished political ability, and with unwavering loyalty to the welfare of the nation. In the Upper Chamber the heat of the Commons cools; the strategic coups of wily legislators are overthrown; the rancour and vindictive prejudice of party are smoothed away in the calm of debates marked, as Mr. Balfour has pointed out, by a fine political instinct as to what is required by the growing institutions of this country.

In the House of Lords lies the true safety of the nation, its only protection from the inevitable blunders of the Lower House, and its safeguard against hasty party legislation. There are surely none among us so totally lacking in reason as not to be filled with dread at the thought of an unbridled Commons, springing upon us the terrible surprise of its snatched divisions, and imperilling the British Empire by reckless actions, of which we have had only too many examples in the past.

Those who cry for the ending, not the mending, of the House of Lords, and desire to make single-Chamber legislation a reality, and not a horrible bogey, are deliberately shutting their eyes to the fact that, even in the most determinedly democratic countries, the one House—we might well say one-horsed—method of legislation has been found entirely unworkable. There is hardly a country in which a Second Chamber does not exist, and carry on its useful work much as our Lords weigh the verdict of the Commons in the balance. In France and the United States the Senates are not less reactionary than our Upper House, and the "will of the people" is not less baulked than the enemies of the Lords would have us believe is that of the electors of this country.

The favourite cry of the unscrupulous band of "enders" is that the House of Lords is not a representative chamber, or a chamber representative of intellectual strength. And herein lies the crowning absurdity of this irresponsible clamour for the elevation of the House of Commons to a position of supreme power to carry out this convenient "will of the people."

In bringing this charge against the Peers, it becomes necessary to speak individually, and not collectively, of those who sit in the Upper House, to single out isolated examples of incapacity, which, perchance, might find a counterpart in the House of Commons itself. It becomes necessary to ignore the existence of some of the greatest statesmen of the past, and set aside the claims of the present House of Lords to be accepted as a responsible body of men.

There are in the Upper House more than a hundred members who have sat in St. Stephen's, and may therefore, on the grounds of the discernment of the electors, be regarded as fairly competent. Then we have a roll of names which is long and rather more than merely honourable. There are forty men who have sat in Cabinets, Viceroys, Governors, soldiers, lawyers, scientists, authors, bankers, financiers, shipowners, ship-builders, railway managers, chairmen and vice-chairmen of County Councils and Quarter Sessions, mayors, public trustees, landowners, sportsmen, and journalists, not to mention noble Lords who are directly or indirectly interested in nearly every industry in the kingdom.

This is a mixed bag, which might very well satisfy those who insist that the Peerage is incapable of yielding a representative assembly. But they do not want facts, any more than in their hearts they want reform. What they hope for they are not going to see, and that is a nation run mad and yelling, "Down with the Lords!"

AGAINST.

Defenders and upholders of institutions, especially institutions that are old and crusted, have little use for logic; to beat the breast and pipe the eye is a much more telling game, given congenial and mellowed surroundings. Our great British institutions are all defended and upheld in this simple and effective way. It is not at all difficult to become moistly sentimental over anything that we have vaguely accepted as necessary to the maintenance of our national dignity intact. We never pause to consider the dangers of veneration; we should never pull down St. Paul's to prevent its collapsing. The outcry in this country would be too fierce. You cannot threaten the House of Lords without an uproar; but you may challenge its good and useful purpose and get no answer.

Defenders and upholders of the House of Lords, however, are no longer having things all their own way. People are beginning to awaken to the anomalous position of an Upper Chamber constituted like the Lords, in relation to a legislative assembly like the House of Commons. We are commencing to wonder whether the "voice of the people" is much more real than the voice of the gramophone in the direction of the country's welfare, when we have the House of Lords always intervening.

Phot. Elliott and Fry.

LORD LANSDOWNE

Under the present Government we are learning the truth of the view that the Upper House is a partisan assembly, which has ceased to carry out its work as an enlightened Second Chamber.

The House of Lords has become little less than a Conservative picket for the capture of Liberal Bills. Its power and its purpose in this direction were made only too apparent at the end of last session, when it became possible for the survivors of the routed party—a puny and apparently hopeless band—to obtain control over the legislation of the country through the Upper House by throwing out a Bill upon the passing of which the hearts of the majority of electors were set. When such a state of affairs can exist it means practically that a Chamber which is supposed to sit impartially in judgment on the Lower House is ready to accept any measure that a Conservative Government may send up to it, and reject virtually everything sent up to it by a Liberal Government. No matter which party is in power there is always a Conservative majority in the Lords, a fact bringing us to no other conclusion than that, while we have a changing House of Commons, we have a permanent and unalterable House of Lords. In this aspect it is surely an insult to the intelligence of the elector to tell him that the Upper House reflects the judgment and views of the country.

The argument that if the Government believes the electors to be dissatisfied with the actions of the House of Lords it should appeal to the country is a strange one from the lips of those who talk threateningly of revolutionary Liberal schemes which will undermine the whole Constitution. As Mr. Birrell has pointed out, this would mean annual Parliaments when Liberals were in power, and septennial Parliaments when the Conservatives were in power. Exciting times indeed for the Liberal agents, and presumably legislation in the intervals of election!

To talk of the fine "political instinct" of the House of Lords as a body is a serious tax on the gravity of any reasonable human being. Is there any special feature in the atmosphere of the Gilded Chamber which sharpens the political wits of our hereditary legislators? Or does a mere accident of birth bring with it not only qualification but capacity? There are some who would have us accept this as a justification of the fact that there are in the Peerage men who, although they cannot put their own house in order, are dumped down—heaven knows why!—to take over the responsibilities of the House of Commons. Despite the influence of landed and vested interests, we are asked to grant the unassailable disinterestedness of purpose of men in the Lords, whom we know full well no amount of power could secure a seat in the Commons.

Even those who admit the advisability of reforming the House of Lords are in reality on the road to its total abolition as a "monstrous regiment of Peers." For the moment that real reform, not a mere tinkering with the existing body, comes to be discussed we are confronted with the embarrassing problem of what is to be done with the noble Lords individually and collectively. The very nature of their tenure as legislators defies any attempt to assail their rights. At present the House of Lords stands inviolable; but its position, in the words of Mr. Asquith, is a mockery in a representative Government, and that Government is fully determined that a sovereign remedy shall be found for all its ills.

NOTICE.—*In future all Editorial Communications for "P. J. P." must be addressed to: 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

The KING & The COLONIES

Photos. Illustrations Bureau and Advance.

THE OPENING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PRODUCTS EXHIBITION BY THE KING.

1. The Ostrich-Feather Fan presented to the Queen.
2. The Rhinoceros-Horn Stick accepted by the King.
3. The King Arriving at the Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster

The World of Women

A NEW collar and revers will wonderfully freshen up an old coat. For spring wear velvet may be replaced by silk or a light colour substituted for a dark. On a plain blue or black coat and skirt costume nothing looks nicer than revers of white moiré outlined with silk gimp trimming. A fancy braid of this description will only cost a few pence, for the length required; sometimes a remnant may be picked up for a few farthings, and gives a very effective finish. On a grey costume with white revers a blue and silver braid is admirable.

To Freshen an Old Coat.

Every well-dressed woman agrees there is a great art in the correct lacing of a corset, and most women have a special method of their own which they favour above all others. Some insist upon having three separate laces, one for the waist and above and below. Each lace can then be regulated independently of the other two. This is really a very good way, and if it is true that a slender waist is shortly to become the rage, it may be improved upon in this way. The waist-line may be laced with a strong silkette corset-lace, while the two other laces, above and below, may be composed of fine round silk-elastic. This will preserve a trim and neat waist-line, while allowing the curves of the figure to have full play. The woman who studies the laws of health and hygiene may, if she choose, lace her corsets entirely with an elastic cord corset-lace, the price of which in black or white is 5½d. At night a corset should invariably have the laces loosened either before taking off or afterwards, as by this means its shape and outline will be materially preserved. Corsets should not be placed among the rest of the discarded clothing, but should be hung separately over the back of a chair.

Lace Your Corsets with Elastic.

Will the garter ever be finally ousted from the wardrobe of the dainty woman in favour of the stocking-suspender? There is no doubt which holds the palm in the way of appearance, for it is doubtful if the most elaborate set of suspenders could ever vie in charm with a comparatively simple pair of garters, and now that flowers and lace and brilliant buckles and buttons are being requisitioned for the garter, the contest seems quite unequal. Among various styles of garter which may be copied by the home worker at quite half their ready made cost is one of satin ribbon, with a rosette bow and ends finished with lace appliqués. This touch of lace at the ends gives the distinguishing mark. Another charming garter of soft satin ribbon is edged with fine lace, and completed with a smart bow, having three loops at the top and four loops considerably longer, which do duty for "ends." A very fairy-like creation is one in which two frills of lace entirely cover the satin foundation, and which is trimmed at intervals with tiny tufts of bébé velvet ribbon. A smart garter is made of ruched ribbon and bébé velvet rosettes, and waterfall of loops trimmed with tiny gilt buttons. Prettiest of all is the *chic* garter of satin Merv ribbon and Malines lace, finished off with dainty bunches of Banksia roses.

In Favour of the Knee Bracelet.

If the windows are the eyes of a house, the curtains certainly have very much to do with creating a good or a bad impression. Madras muslin is a perennial favourite, as it drapes well and washes easily; but quite as smart-looking, and on the whole cheaper, are spot-muslin curtains or curtains of plain muslin. The former may be obtained at 5s. 9d. per pair, frilled both sides and at foot, and the latter at 4s. 11d. per pair. Either white or ecru look well—ecru tied up with bows of scarlet satin ribbon, and white looped back with a sash of pale blue or yellow.

Watch the Curtains.

Those who have ever known cashmere in the wear will recognise it as a delightful fabric for the home. The simcha fashioned of this material is a cheap and useful house-gown, costing only 37s. 9d., ready made for wear. The skirt is a very full gathered one, trimmed with three frills, set on at intervals, the lowest being at the foot and the top one reaching half-way to the knee. The bodice is made in semi-fitting crossover style, with gauged shoulders, and is trimmed down the front with a vest and lace of smart ecru guipure; the back is designed to correspond with the front, and the waist is finished off with a broad satin ribbon-belt. The gown may be obtained in the following colours: sky, mauve, pink, cardinal, navy, cream, and black.

The Simcha.

"BABY POLYGLOT."

Probably no juvenile actress in the world earns such a splendid income as little Angelica Walter, a German child-artist, whose earnings for the past three years have averaged £1500 per annum. Not only has the little girl got an extremely pretty voice and dances daintily, but her chief claim to fame lies in the fact that she is a born linguist, and can sing equally well in many languages.

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The Jack Hare will readily take to water, when visiting his lady love—note the peculiar way of swimming.

He often finds a rival in the field, and a fierce but ridiculous combat takes place; hence the term, "Mad as March Hares."

The Leverets feed out with the Mother at first, but soon become independent and trust to themselves.

Only to fall a victim to greyhounds in the next coursing meeting.

In fact the timid hare may be taken as an example of the strenuous life, for her many foes keep her busy; but undoubtedly her worst enemy is the Ground Game Act.

In the Autumn one leveret is killed by "Brer" Fox.

Remembering where she squatted, the village poacher tries to pick her up; she just escapes

A few weeks after, the doe is caught by a Poacher's Snare.

Only escapes by squatting in a ditch, while a fresh hare gets up before the hounds.

The surviving leveret, now full grown is found by the Harriers and gives a good run, and

Whilst the Jack is shot by the tenant of the land.

THE HARE'S BRIEF HOUR.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

I REALLY don't know why it is that I bother myself about matters which do not concern me, yet that is undoubtedly the case. In passing down Fleet Street the other day, with the laudable object of working in the office in which I now sit, I was struck by the fact that that rather dismal thoroughfare had blossomed out into an array of flags and bunting. At first I was merely pleased with the effect, like a child with a new toy, but then—once more with the inquisitiveness of youth—I wanted to know what it was all about.

You see, there was such a number of flags. If there had only been a few, I should have decided that some new hotel was being opened, or that the Corporation had at last discovered the date of my birthday, or something else of minor importance, but the number of the flags dispelled that idea. Hotels do not have whole thoroughfares decorated, while my birthday—was some time ago.

I am a great believer in the profound wisdom of the police, and I therefore crossed the road to where a massive constable stood controlling the traffic. An old lady was clutching him by one arm, and a cab-horse was slobbering on his right shoulder, but even then he turned a kindly eye upon me.

"Why these flags?" I inquired.

"Bailey," the constable answered, as if that settled the matter.

"But Bill Bailey has been forgotten," I protested. "Surely there was never really a person——"

"The New Bailey," the constable interrupted, as he stepped aside to let the traffic loose.

I made my way back to the pavement a wiser, but still a more puzzled, man.

This New Bailey, unless my brain was failing me, was a place in which criminals were to be tried, where murderers would be sentenced to be hanged. Why should streets be decorated because such a place was to be opened? Was it not better that the shutters of the shops should be put up? What was there to rejoice in that this great building, surmounted by its great figure of Justice, should be necessary to London?

His Gracious Majesty was to open the New Bailey. I am perfectly aware of that, and have come to the conclusion that the flags were unfurled for his special benefit. Would it not be better, though, if even he could have gone to this ceremony as a mourner, as a man—and even kings are men—performing a sad but necessary task? Does it not seem a pity that an occasion like this should be marked by festivity, the roads lined by cheering crowds?

Good gentlemen, I am as loyal as any one of you, but I would not have flags to pass under when he goes to open a court for the trial of criminals.

'P.I.P.' Poultry Farmer and Gardener.

My Garden Plans.

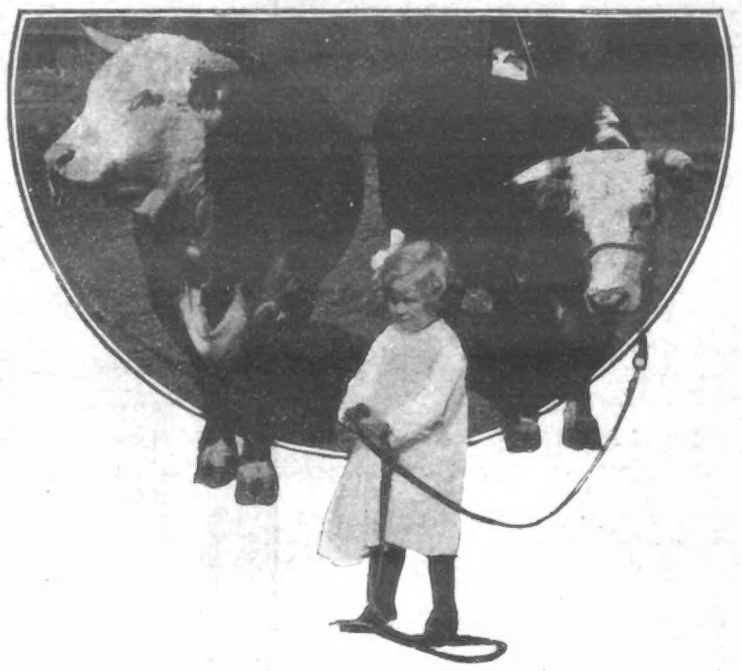
MARCH 4 to 10.—My plans for this week—one of the busiest in the garden year—are as important as they are numerous. For every hour I can spare in the garden I have a task upon which much will depend for future success, and yet I cannot help realising with everything that March is a poor month, though such a busy one. I can see that it will be all toil and nothing to show for it. Things that I have nursed through the bad winter may fall a prey to the cold, bleak winds. Towards the end of the month my bulbs will be well advanced, and shallots and first early peas may be showing—otherwise my plot will be colourless and uninteresting to the eye. For the first part of the week, if the weather is open, I am going to sweep and well roll my lawn, afterwards scattering loosely over it some fine siftings of soil or ashes, or if I can obtain it, some road-sweepings. I notice several bare patches, by the way, and I shall take the opportunity of sowing some fresh seed. On bright mornings I shall be busy stirring the surface of my flower-beds with the light fork, and where plants grow thickly, with my light two-inch hoe or rake. This will have the effect of exposing and freshening the face of the soil, and both annuals and bulbs will be greatly improved thereby. Then I shall find plenty to fill my time in trimming edges, completing my digging, and generally clearing up. I regard this week, somehow, as the one to make a serious start with the season's work, and I realise that if the summer is to bring its meed of success not a spare moment must be lost now.

What I Shall Plant.

I shall not tempt Providence by planting too early. There is nothing so heartbreaking as to plant and nurse things, only to see them blasted by late frosts. Last year, I remember, I lost six entire rows of splendid potatoes by frost towards the end of the fickle May. Still, I shall plant some more sweet-peas, my first marrowfat garden peas, the remainder of the Jerusalem artichokes (white ones, which have in my opinion completely eclipsed the old pink varieties), and a few early potatoes. This is as much as I dare risk even in my Surrey garden, and such crops as cabbage, carrots, and so on, I shall leave for another week or two. If, however, I find I can spare the time, I shall sift some ashes over my pea-rows, as a gentle hint to members of the slug family, and maybe I shall risk planting a very small quantity of radish seed.

Garden "Manias."

By the way, do you ever get what I term "manias" in your garden? I must confess I do, and almost each season I specialise in some particular novelty that I hope and trust my neighbour Jones won't have. Perhaps I am childish in this matter. Still, it gives me an immense amount of silent satisfaction. This season, for example, I am going in largely for Tritomas, otherwise known as Flame plants, Torch plants, or, still more familiarly, Red-hot Pokers. They are perennials, and improve each year, whilst to those who can do without spikes or flowers for the first year, the seed may be purchased in packets. However, let me confess I am going the whole hog, and buying plants outright. They are costing me from sixpence to two shillings each, and I find I can get a great variety, both in colouring, foliage, and size. Some, I gather from that ever hardy free annual, the nurseryman's list, attain a height of five feet, whilst others content themselves with a more modest two feet. Anyway, tritomas in my neighbourhood are strikingly uncommon, and that, coupled with their stately beauty and the grand effect of massed colour they give to the garden, has tempted me, and I am anxiously awaiting results.



A CHARMING NATURE STUDY.

Photo, Underwood & Underwood.

The Hatching Season.

Poultry-breeders ought now to be in the very thick of their plans for sitting and hatching. To the amateur, who is away at his work all day and has little time for the hobby, I do not recommend the exceptionally early sittings, and with the bitterly cold January and wet, tempestuous February we have experienced, the number of deaths among youngsters totally outweighs the advantages a few winter chicks may bring. With March coming in, however, affairs in the chicken-run need urgent attention. In the first place, every would-be breeder of sound birds should clearly understand that weak, weedy stock can only produce weak, useless chicks. In the selection of broad, active cockerels, with as little of the mongrel as possible, and hens that are close and compact, clean-footed, "dumpy," and wide in the breast, real success lays. Lanky, scraggy cockerels and great ungainly, ill-conditioned hens can only bring poor, unsatisfying results.

The Fowlhouse.

Then, again, so much depends upon the house you have for the parent stock. Damp, draughts, and uncleanliness all make themselves felt in the chicks. The ideal house, to my way of thinking, is the one that can be easily and regularly cleaned out, that has roof and sides damp and draught proof. I do not say *air*-proof, for ventilation is as necessary to the well-being of poultry as of any creature that breathes. Still, ventilators that serve every purpose may be easily constructed high up on one side, under the eaves of your roof, with small holes nearer the ground to provide an entry for the fresh air. The run—if you are not one of those fortunates with a grass paddock—needs equal care and attention. One small portion of this should certainly be roofed in, and beneath this covering a pit prepared for the reception of dry, sifted ashes. The ash or dust bath is essential to the welfare and good condition of all feathered stock. As for that part of the run not under cover, it should be, if possible, completely turned over with a deep digging-fork at least once a fortnight. Garbage—the stumps of cabbage, bones, etc.—should be removed and the soil kept in a perfectly sweet, wholesome state. These matters, seemingly so trivial, mean just the difference between success and failure with spring chicken, and must be attended to with scrupulous care. I shall return to the subject next week.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

J. W. N. (Woking).—The best quality food brings the best results for the money. Give your young chicken egg and bread crumbs, mixed with warm milk and Spratt's food.

W. KEEMAWAY.—Your early goose eggs should fetch at least 9d. a-piece during the first part of March.

AMBROSE.—Yes. Gladioli are perfectly hardy, and may be bedded-in now. One shilling per dozen bulbs is an average price.

H. SWEET.—Give the thrush plenty of food and a large cage. Meat, worms (meal, *not* earth worms), fruit, and now and then, a snail would be excellent diet.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PRODUCTS EXHIBITION.

WITH much pomp and ceremony the South African Products Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall was opened on Saturday by King Edward.

Every incident connected with the opening was significant of the possibilities of South Africa. Its products, mineral and agricultural, were fully represented on the stalls that lined the hall.

Queen Alexandra was dressed in black, and her admirable tact and sympathy were shown in the fact that in her toque she wore ostrich-feathers which had come from South Africa.

One of the first incidents of the function was the King's act of conferring the honour of knighthood on Mr. P. C. Van Blommestein Bam, the chairman of the executive.

Gifts for the King and Queen.

Two interesting little ceremonies followed the formal opening. One was the presentation to Queen Alexandra of a magnificent white ostrich-feather fan, which has a handle of Transvaal gold, with a crown and "A"—the initial letter of the Queen's Christian name—inset upon it in Kimberley diamonds.

Then the King was asked to accept a walking-stick made of a white rhinoceros horn, 42 in. in length. His Majesty accepted the present with much gratification, and at once put the stick to a practical use by prodding the platform with it.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

SITUATIONS VACANT - - - - - - 1d. per word.
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Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63, Oxford Street, London, W. (Estab. 100 years.)

"Picture Post-Cards."—Immense variety. List free. Agents Wanted.—Stevenson & Co., 6, St. Germain's Road, Forest Hill, London.

Photo Post-Cards of yourself, 1s. dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

Send Your False Teeth to R. D. and J. B. Fraser Ltd., Desk 111, Princes Street, Ipswich; they'll send money or offer by return.

Free Post-Card Albums given with eightpenny packets of eighteen Post-cards. A. Cheshire, 66, Queen's Road, Hastings.

You can earn 1/- per hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply Y, 89, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Baby Cars direct from factory on approval; carriage paid. We save you 5s. in the £; cash, or easy payments from 4s. monthly. Send for splendid new Catalogue, free.—Direct Public Supply Co., Dept. 27, Coventry.

Lovely Blouse and Dress Materials at Warehouse Price. Patterns Post Free. Send for Fashion Catalogue of Blouses, Skirts, Costumes, etc.—Sidney George, Merchant, Moseley Road, Birmingham.

Piano learnt in a week; entirely new system. Failure impossible; 1s.—L. Henshaw, Publisher, Ilkeston.

Drunkenness Cured, quickly, secretly, permanently, unfailingly, harmlessly; cost trifling. Samples free. Carlton Chemical Co., 524, Birmingham.

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	Inland.
1 set (6 cards)	1/- post free.
2 sets "	1/9 "
3 " "	2/9 "
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"THE SKETCH" P.P.C. DEPT., 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

2d. PER DAY

will obtain for you direct from our factory a high-grade lady's or gent's British-made

COVENTRY CYCLE,

warranted five years, packed free and carriage paid. Ten days' Trial allowed before purchase becomes binding. Every transaction in confidence. No deposit or references required. Thousands of testimonials from customers.

TRADE TERMS to a few riders in each district who apply immediately. *Large Profits* easily made in spare time. Write at once for our large **Free Art Catalogue** and *special offer* on sample machine.

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Liverpool: *91, Paradise St.* London: *19, Charing Cross Rd.*
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Manchtr.: *167, Deansgate.* Newcastle: *23, New Bridge St.*

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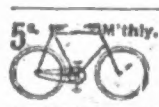
YOU CAN CURE AT HOME

the worst cases of Fits. The treatment is **simple**—the results **certain.** Guaranteed to contain no Bromide of Potassium or poison. I will send you **Absolute Proofs, &c., Free.**—MR. GILBERT DALE, 52, Parliament Chambers, Gt. Smith Street, Westminster, London, S.W.



5s. M'thly. SENT ON APPROVAL, FREE on Rail, Norwich. Send no deposit. Special offer. A high-grade Cycle for cash, **£4 10s.** Victorys, Swifts, Singers, Premiers, Centaurs, Triumphs, Rudge-Whitworths, Humbers, etc., **£2 10s.** to **£8 10s.**, and from 5s. monthly. Write for terms.—Dereham Road Cycle Co., Norwich.

All communications respecting Advertisements in the "Penny Illustrated Paper" should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 12, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Yorkshire Relish

The surest support to the flagging appetite.

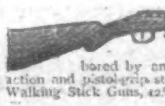
This truly delightful Sauce has been frequently called "The Best half of the Dinner." It proves its claim to that encomium by invariably calling forth the best qualities of the *other* half. Fish, flesh, fowl, or game never taste so delicious as when eaten in conjunction with Yorkshire Relish.

Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1s. and 2s.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER COUPON.

A capital cookery book, cloth bound and fully illustrated, sent post free in exchange for this coupon and a wrapper from a YORKSHIRE RELISH Bottle. Address:

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.



15/- FOR ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot-Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long-distance shooting, 25/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 29/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders from 29/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking Stick Guns, 42/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.

MIDLAND GUN CO., Price St., BIRMINGHAM.

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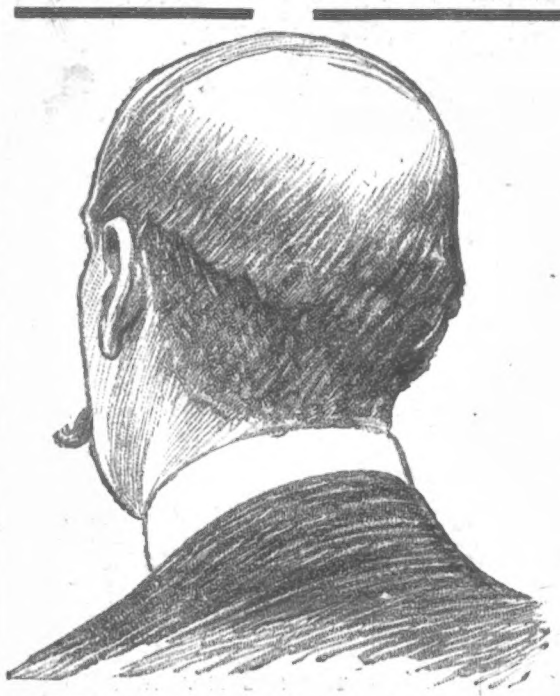

HAIR FALLING OUT, SCANTY PARTINGS, or DANDRUFF, is EDWARDS'

"HARLENE"

The Great Hair Producer & Restorer.

THE FINEST DRESSING. Restores, Strengthens, Beautifies, and Promotes the Growth of the Hair. Prevents its falling off and turning grey

A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

WHY?

BECAUSE IT contains the only properties that **can produce hair**, going straight to the roots, giving them a life and vigour they never knew before.

BECAUSE **IT has been tried** and **proved a great success** by THOUSANDS throughout the civilised world for nearly a **Quarter Century.**

Manufactured under the Supervision of Specialists. *Don't take Internal Remedies without the Advice of your Physician.* *You will ruin your constitution.*

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE AND SUPPLIED DIRECT TO

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
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H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.
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H.H. PRINCESS DI SIPINO.
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Sample Bottle Free

will be sent to any part of the world to any person filling up this Form and enclosing **3d.** for carriage. (Foreign stamps accepted.) If presented personally at our Offices, no charge will be made.

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Penny Illustrated Paper, March 2, 1907. .....

A Trial Costs Nothing.

1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Lazy Lungs

MOST people are only half alive because they do not breathe deeply enough to get all the oxygen they need into the blood. Their lungs are lazy. They have grown lazy partly through not taking sufficient bodily exercise, but principally because constant colds and coughs have made deep breathing painful and uncomfortable.

To waken up your lungs and get them to do thoroughly their all-important work with perfect ease and comfort, Peps are just the thing you need. You know that even people who are far gone in consumption find ease and comfort in the pure balsamic air of the pine-forests. Peps will fill your lungs with the same pine-forest air, condensed and concentrated. Peps will comfort and soothe the soreness of your chest and bronchial tubes and help you to breathe deeply and naturally.

If you only use half your lungs, the rest of the lung tissue is lying dormant, a prolific breeding ground for the germs of consumption, too limp and flaccid to resist and throw off attacks of pneumonia and pleurisy. Take Peps freely and regularly till your lungs are roused to do their full duty.

Peps are sold by all Chemists at **1/1½** *or* **2/9**, *or post free at same prices from The Peps Pastille Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds, or C. E. Fulford Ltd., Leeds.*

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Make your own free test of PEPS by sending this Coupon and 1d. stamp to THE PEPS PASTILLE Co., CARLTON HILL, LEEDS, when a liberal sample packet will be sent you.

P.I.P. March 2, 1907.

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Do you cycle during the winter months?
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